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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, May 24, 1931

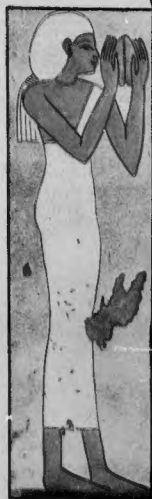
Private Life of the Ancient Egyptians

Curious and Interesting Customs
Revealed by Remarkable
Tomb Paintings



A Priest Offering a Sacrifice. From a Wall Painting in the "Tomb of Two Sculptors" at Thebes.

(Illustrations Reproduced from the *Rabb de Papyrus* Memorial Series by Permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)



3—How They Worshipped Their Gods.
PROFESSOR MASPERO, the distinguished Egyptologist, has written that there were so many gods in ancient Egypt there was hardly room for human beings.

Not only were deities identified with the sun, moon, planets, certain stars, the sky itself and with the forces of nature, but there were deities who looked after all phases of human life. There was a separate god or goddess for each day of the week and each hour of the day.

When an Egyptian baby was born, the Goddess Maatkhent aided the mother; beside her stood Raninit to look after the naming and the feeding of the child. Anet was the god of its stomach and large intestine; Hapi had charge of its small intestine; Thautumut protected its heart and the lungs, while Qabhsenut looked after the health of its liver and gall-bladder. The ancient Egyptian had no privacy—some god or goddess was inspecting him some way, some where, every minute of his day and night.

Many have wondered why Cleopatra used the asp to kill herself. The venom of this snake does not cause a painless death, as some have suggested. It produces painful paroxysms and disfigures the body. Cleopatra had an expert knowledge of quick poisons which produced no pain. Why did the luxury-loving queen pick out a repulsive, squirming serpent to open the door of death? She did it because the Pharaohs had a goddess

named Nati whose sole duty it was to look after them. Nati was always shown in the shape of an asp. Cleopatra's last despairing thought probably was that if Nati, the asp-goddess, sent her into the world beyond the grave, she could have no better introduction to its guardians, and would be assured of her protection. Although there is evidence that Cleopatra was not deeply religious, it is a fact that men and women often turn back in moments of disaster to the religious beliefs impressed upon them in childhood.

Each district, or nome as it was called, had its own deities, jealous more or less of all other gods. If a man lived in Thebes, his supreme God was Amon, and he paid taxes to Amon's priests. If he moved to Abydos, Amon lost all interest in him, and he paid taxes to the priests of the God Osiris. If a man wanted to eat a goat kid he could not eat it in Abydos, where the goat was sacred, without incurring grave penalties. But he could take a few days off to journey to Heliopolis and eat his fill of goat.

It is difficult at this day to conceive how intimate were the relations of the gods and goddesses of ancient Egypt with their worshippers, or how real all this rabble of deities seemed to the people. In Thebes, where the God Amon was supreme, the Queen was his lawful human wife, and her children were supposed to be by him.

The God had also an extensive harem. The prettiest

(Continued on Page 2)



The Goddess Nut, With Sacred Food and Flowers. (From a Wall Painting in the Tomb of Nakht, Thebes.)

Remarried After Shooting, Murder Trial and Divorce

THERE'S an old and oft-quoted adage that it is the woman who pays—and pays—and pays. But it doesn't seem to apply to Mrs. Alphus E. Dickson, of Denver, Colorado. She, it seems, can dance with such partners as Infidelity, Death, Scandal and Divorce and never give Fate, the fiddler, a penny.

Her story begins back in the days of the World War when she was Zella Stull, pretty daughter of the assistant postmaster at Ames, Iowa. It was then that she met "Dick" Dickson, whom she married in 1922, after he had done his bit overseas.

Dickson was an ambitious and enterprising young man whose energy and foresight gave him control of a string of theatres in Colorado and in the neighboring States of Wyoming and New Mexico. He made a lot of money and built his bride a comfortable home in a fashionable residential section of Denver.

For six years he was one of the happiest men of the community, even though he had to spend much time away from home looking after his prosperous string of theatres.

Then, out of a clear sky, he shot and killed "Pete" Powell, 18-year-old grocery clerk, whom he surprised keeping the last of many a rendezvous with Mrs. Dickson. Three days after the surprising tragedy the woman in the case got away from Denver. She did not seem particularly upset by what had happened. "I am going back to my Iowa home and forget all about this horrid mess," she said. Apparently, it did not occur to her that she might have to pay for her hand in the "mess."

Three months later, "Dick" Dickson walked out of court a free man. The jury needed just seven minutes to decide that "Pete" Powell was killed by the accidental discharge of Dickson's revolver during a struggle.

Two days before the opening of the Dickson murder trial, the theatre magnate filed suit for divorce, charging cruelty and repeated acts of infidelity. Mrs. Dickson, safely hidden away in Iowa, threatened to "fight



Alphus E. Dickson, Denver Theatrical Man, Who Remarried His Wife, Over Whom He Was Charged With Killing a Man, and Whom He Sued for Divorce.

with all the fury of a tigress to protect her good name if her husband attempted to brand her as a bad woman. It seems that her affair with the grocery boy had been nothing more than a series of "making" parties.

The charge of infidelity was dropped and Dickson was granted a divorce on the grounds of cruelty. Again the woman in the jungle walked past Fate, the fiddler, without having to pay his customary fee. People wondered how Zella Dickson "got away with it."

Their wonder went into amazement when, a few weeks ago, they read in the newspapers that Alphus Dickson had remarried his divorced wife. They could not believe that any man would again live under the same roof with



Mrs. Dickson Who Figured in the Murder Trial, and Who Still Loves Her Husband.

a woman whose behavior with a callow and penniless grocery clerk had broken his heart, dissipated much of his fortune and branded him with the charge of murder.

But the story was true. Dickson was discovered at La Junta, Colorado, and with him was the woman who waited for him all during the war, shared his prosperity with him when hard work had made him a theatre magnate—and registered her affection and appreciation by encourag-

ing the attentions of a yokel who brought groceries to the Dickson back door.

"Yes," Dickson admitted in answer to telegraphic inquiries from Denver newspapers, "Zella and I decided to forgive and forget. We're as happy as two kids—and we're going to keep on being happy."

Pressed for details as to how the violently interrupted romance had been renewed and when and where they married, Dickson demurred.

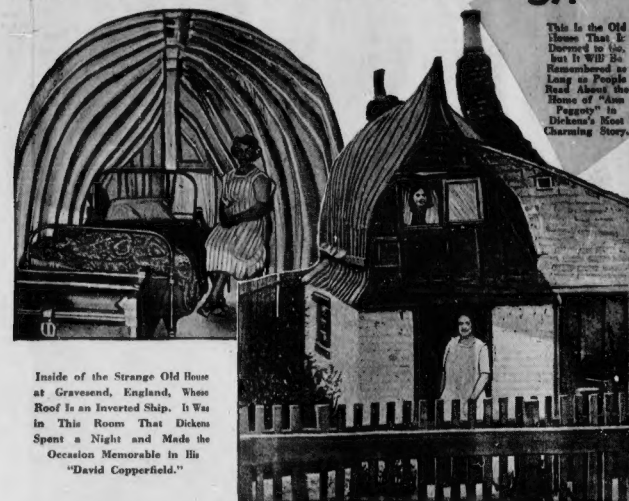
"Just say that we've been married some time," he said.

Fortunately for him, and for Mrs. Dickson, perhaps, the remarried couple are not living in Denver. For the time being, at least, they will be residents of Chicago, where the memory of the Dickson murder trial and divorce, and the events leading up to it, is not so fresh as it is in Denver. Chicago is a big city and its citizens are much too concerned with other scandals to bother about the past of newcomers intent upon mending a broken romance.

Mr. Dickson left Denver soon after the court cut the bonds which bound him to the woman who has since how, achieved the miracle of eating her cake and having it, too. He obtained a minor position on the west coast of the Chicago office of the company. Apparently, returning prosperously, he thought of his divorce as putting their tragic past behind them and starting a new life.

And it would seem that "Dick" Dickson is the one who's paying—and paying—and paying.

Private Lives of the Ancient Egyptians—How They Worshiped Their Gods



Inside of the Strange Old House at Gravesend, England, Where Roof Is an Inverted Ship. It Was in This Room That Dickens Spent a Night and Made the Occasion Memorable in His "David Copperfield."

This is the Old Ship-House at Gravesend, England, where Dickens spent a night and made the occasion memorable in his "David Copperfield."

(Continued from Front Page)

laughter in every noble Theban family was dedicated to him and became a "Concubine of Amon." This gave him certain privileges which would be considered unconventional even on Broadway. Usually the jointed divinities bared their chests, since girls ripen into womanhood earlier on the Nile than in colder countries. When she was twenty-five she was considered too old to please the god. But so great was the honor of her calling that she could always find a rich husband.

The devout Egyptian could not communicate directly with the gods, however, but only through the priests. There were whole regiments of these. Each high-priest had two, three or even four classes of prophets to assist him in offering the sacrifices and giving religious instruction.

In Genesis, chap. 45, v. 18, Pharaoh tells Joseph, "Ye shall eat the fat of the land." The priests did that, continually. Every Egyptian of wealth was compelled to leave a considerable portion of his property to the gods, either in money or real estate, and the priests administered the estates for the benefit of the Temples. The people were taxed either in goods or labor. About a quarter of their lives was spent in Temple service. No one seems to have begrudged this, reasoning, no doubt, that it was insurance upon a happy, healthful, prosperous remainder of the year.

Nobody ever sacrificed to or addressed the deities without asking for something. They were a severely practical people in that way at least, and believed in making their gods work. The priests charged whatever the traffic would bear. Every prayer accompanying the sacrifice called the attention of the god to his worshiper to fulfill the wish of the worshiper who had brought the offering. For example, Ramesses II, who forced the Israelites to build his stone-cities of Pi-Ramesses and Raames, according to the Scriptures, prayed to Amon: "Have I not made unto thee many offerings? I have filled thy temples with my prisoners. I have built thee a mansion for a million years. . . . Ah, if evil is the lot of them who insult thee, how good shouldst thou be to me who honors thee, O Amon!"

There were two things a priest must have to keep his job—a clean body and a true voice. As he wore so few clothes that he was almost entirely apparent to the beholder, he could not shirk the first duty. The least smudge or touch of dust, and he had to take a complete bath. He also had to wash out his mouth many times a day. Because of these and his bath, he was called *uib*, which means "the washed," "the clean."

He had to have a true voice because all the prayers to the gods had to be made in a certain way and the gods would not listen. They were really less prayers than formulas, like medical prescriptions. They must be always recited with the same rhythm in which every tone had its peculiar virtue, and were accompanied by ritual. One false note or a single change in the gestures and the utterance of the sacramental words, any hesitation or awkwardness in the accomplishment of the rite, and the sacrifice was vain.

In no country of the ancient world did women have about the curious advertisement, because several weak-hearted matrons have been so surprised by the life-like appearance of the stuffed and posed bodies that they fainted dead away and had to be revived before they could continue their round of the Berlin points of interest, or be taken back to their hotels.

such freedom or enjoy such rights as in Egypt. They held chief rank in the temples of all goddesses and were called *hierodules*. There were one or two of these goddesses whose priestesses had to take vows of chastity, but usually the reverse was the case.

They had one god who was hated but to whom everybody was most pious. This was Set, the wicked brother of Osiris, and in a way, the Egyptian Satan. Only animals with red fur and birds with red feathers could be sacrificed to him. All his priests were red-headed. As there were hardly any natural red-heads among the Egyptians, the priests of Set dyed their hair a vivid scarlet. These priests terrified the people by calculated and deliberate displays of fanatical compulsion and it is not unlikely that the old idea, believed by many today, that red-headed persons have ungovernable tempers, comes straight from the red-headed priests of Set.

On the preceding page are reproductions of tomb paintings which show how the Egyptians thought some of their deities appeared. The pictures are from an important series of books issued by the Metropolitan Museum of New York under the name of the *Roemer- und Pelizaeus-Museum*. They were faithfully copied by Nina de Garin Davis and Francis Sydney Urquhart working in the tomb at Thebes, Egypt, in the painting of the "Adoration of the Deities of the West," the ancient artist portrayed a god and goddess worshipped everywhere in Egypt—Isis and her son, the hawk-headed Horus. He was associated with the sun, and was a good god, fighting constantly against evil on earth.

The goddess Nut, also pictured on the wall of this tomb, was worshipped all over Egypt, for she was the sky-goddess, who was the protectress of the woman's love and joy. At the ancient shrine of Denderah she was the cow-goddess, Hathor; at Sais she was the joyous Neith; at Behsae, in the form of a cat, she appeared as Bast; while at Memphis, dropping her lovelier aspect, she became the savage lioness, the goddess of storm and terror. She is frequently pictured, standing in the yam-cane or lotus, pouring a liquid from a vase, which the deceased and his friends, and even the soul, in the form of a bird with a human head are drinking in their hands. Besides this nectar of heaven, she presents them with a basket of fruit from the sacred trees.

In the myths Nut is represented as the mother of Osiris, and in this way attains supreme dignity by becoming divine mother of the greatest of the gods.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

Queer Old House, Immortalized by Dickens, Doomed

MORE than a century ago a resident of Gravesend, England, took the hull of a small sailing vessel and had it hoisted atop four squat walls to make himself a home as comfortable as it was unusual. Many years later Charles Dickens, then at the height of his fame as a novelist, visited Gravesend and asked to be allowed to sleep in the snug little upstairs chamber of the curious abode. Thereafter the dwelling was known as Dickens' Ship-House and it became world-famous when the author put it into his book, "David Copperfield," as the home of the Peggys.

A few weeks ago a building inspector knocked at the door of the Ship-House, which now is occupied by a bricklayer named Connell and his good wife. The inspector was looking over the houses in the village to be sure they were safe and able to withstand the high winds which sweep over that southern tip of the British Isles.

"You'll have to move," the official told the surprised and heart-broken Mrs. Connell. "And soon. The timbers of your roof are falling to pieces and it isn't safe for you or anyone else to live here. . . . The building, famous or not, is condemned."

Strangely enough, no one seems interested in saving the building, although it has attracted thousands of visitors to Gravesend and is something of a Dickensian shrine. It is probable that the Ship-House could be saved from the wreckers if some wealthy man bought and restored it or if the officials of the British Museum were to request that the place be preserved for its historical associations.

No one knows just how old the boat was when it was hauled out of the water and set, bottom side up, on the walls of the famous dwelling. But it is certain that the craft had seen many years at sea before it hull was

pressed into unadventurous service as a roof.

The Ship-House has been lived in continuously for more than 100 years and is believed by its owners to be "as sound as half, the hen to the shop of a farmer."

The animal is perfectly tame, however, for it is merely a clever job of taxidermy. The bear fell prey to hunter's guns several years ago and what the visiting sightseer beholds is the bear's pelt stretched over a solid form. The purpose of the hair-raising spectacle is to attract attention to the shop of a furrier.

Guides who escort tourists about the German capital seldom tell their patrons about the bear, for they get a great deal of amusement in watching strangers' reactions to the unusual sight of what appears to be a live man-killing bear standing on the sidewalk of a crowded thoroughfare.

The guides do, however, tell timid women about the curious advertisement, because several weak-hearted matrons have been so surprised by the life-like appearance of the stuffed and posed bodies that they fainted dead away and had to be revived before they could continue their round of the Berlin points of interest, or be taken back to their hotels.

Berlin's Interesting "Pet" Polar Bear

TOURISTS wandering down a busy street in the shopping district of Berlin, Germany, frequently are startled to see a full-grown polar bear standing on the sidewalk. Many often turn not a youngster is sitting on the bear's broad back, or thrusting his hand bravely into the bear's open mouth.

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The Polar Bear That Has Become a Familiar Sight in the Berlin Shopping District. Tourists Frequently Gasp as They See Children Apparently Playing with the Wild Animal, Which Is Really Only a Stuffed Creature for Advertising Purposes.

The Profligate Prince Bertrand Now a Beggar

Ragged and Hungry, the Young French Nobleman
Whose Extravagances Dazzled Paris,
Discarded by His Rich Relatives, Is Sent
by the Police to a Work-House Hospital



The Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge, Step-Mother of the Vagabond Prince Bertrand. From a Snapshot Photograph at the Longchamp Race Course. The Princess is Enormously Rich and Maintains a Stable of Racing Horses Near Tours, France.

PARIS, May 14. PALE and dishevelled, the pupils of his eyes dilated by drugs, his clothes in tatters, a man stumbled into the police station of the Rue de Lisbonne the other day at 3 a. m. "I am ill and without a home. Take me to a hospital," he said to the police official on duty, and without further explanation collapsed on a bench.

On regaining consciousness, he gave his name, Prince Bertrand de Faucigny-Lucinge. The policeman, incredulous, looked at the haggard face and ragged coat and then asked for his identification papers, which everybody in Paris must have. There was no doubt about it. This stretched being was the fourth Prince of Faucigny-Lucinge and Coligny, Principe di Cystria, descendant of numerous holders of marquises, countships and baronies of Savoy—a member of one of the richest and noblest families of France!

"Why not go to the home of one of the members of your family?" suggested the police official.

"No," insisted the vagabond prince, "the hospital!"

A taxi was called and, accompanied by two "policemen," he was hurried to the Hospital Beaujon. Here the chauffeur, a Russian refugee named Aganoff, helped support the Prince as he staggered against the hospital yard. Offered money for his fare by one of the agents, the driver refused, saying, "I know what destitution means for a nobleman."

Doctors discovered the prince to be suffering from an overdose of cocaine, and placed him in the public ward. Little hope at first was held out for his recovery. He was not only ill from an abuse of drugs, but his system was ravaged by the disordered life he had been leading. After two days in a semi-conscious state, the prince recovered sufficiently to request that his family be left in ignorance of his fate. So critical was his condition that M. Couturier, police commissary of the Rue de Lisbonne, was not permitted to question him.

The noble father of this prodigal seigneur died two years ago. His step-mother, Princess Marie de Lucinge, nee Ephrussi, living at Paris in a palace at 46 Avenue Marceau, was one of the wealthiest women of the French nobility, a leader in society, and well known as a racehorse owner. Angered by her stepson's follies and expenditures, she has refused to give him assistance, although he is now reduced to misery. Prince Bertrand, who is now 32, is the cousin of the late Prince Aymon-Humbert - Henri - Gerard de Faucigny-Lucinge, who was the husband of the former Carolyn Foster, of New York.



Princess Murat, First Wife of Prince Bertrand. Wedding Photograph Taken After the Marriage. The Princess Secured a Divorce Three Years Ago.

Prince Bertrand Photographed in Court When He Was Charged With Fraud.

Princess Aymon is conspicuous in continental and American social circles. The career of Prince Bertrand, which began brilliantly during the World War, where he gained the "Croix de Guerre," has been ruined by gaming, dissipation and drugs. No thought of future consequences seems ever to have been allowed to intervene between him and the satisfaction of his unbridled desires. The past six years he has passed two months annually in a private sanitarium at Auteuil in a vain effort to be cured of his craving for cocaine.

The nobleman, before seeking medical aid of the police, had been forced to leave this sanitarium from lack of funds, and had drifted about the Paris streets for days, sharing a crust of bread with the "dockards" (vagrants) in the public markets, sleeping at night with outcasts and rapscallions on benches "à la belle étoile," and had pitifully begged for "reize" from the dope peddlers around the Place de Cligny.

In 1919, when the Prince was 21, he married the imperial Princess Murat. She bore him a daughter, but was unable to bear with his irregularities and extravagance, and a divorce followed in 1926. The marriage was annulled by the church in 1928. Then he married a rich senora from Argentina, Maria-Lydia Hualberta Lloveras, who for two years good-naturedly supplied him with revenues for his riotous existence. She, too, soon tired of paying his debts, and obtained a separation, leaving her dear Prince an apartment in Paris at No. 1 Rue de Tasse, together with a monthly allowance of 10,000 francs, which has proved sadly inadequate for his needs.

The nobleman, who belongs to the Paris Automobile Club, raced through his wives' fortunes with the same speed that he displayed on the "course," where he has won many races in his high-powered cars. He also excelled in other sports, but gaming, perhaps, was his greatest accomplishment. This "prince des joueurs," not content with hoarding large sums at the Nouveau Casino, on the Boulevard St. Germain, of which he is a member, and at other "tripots" of Paris, has tossed away hundreds of thousands of francs in most every casino of the continent.

Prince Bertrand dined himself, too, on elaborate dinner parties that were notable for their extravagance and the perfect absence of conventional restrictions. They were held in extensive restaurants and frequently broke up like the carousel of the Lapins described by Lucien. The bills for these blowouts were blithely sent to his wife, mother and other members of his family, when his pockets did not happen to jingle merrily.

prison-house of reality, and rejoiced for a time. By the powder's magic virtue, triumphs of the track, losses at play, fashionable beauties, feasts, friends, family were forgotten. He wandered in a world where sounds are perceived to have a color and color becomes musical, he tasted the voluptuousness of annihilation, his eyes pierced infinity. A votary of Our Lady of Dreams, the Prince was happy at last.

This happiness, however, was of short duration. He found his liberty from cocaine was an illusion, he did not escape the "laetum vitae." The drug, with which he daily intoxicated himself, brought on a desperate weariness. Shadowy terrors clouded the horizon of his visions. A brief exaltation was succeeded by a long period of depression. Pale and emaciated, looking as if he had visited the cave of Trophimus, the Prince began to break down beneath his cocaine excesses. He entered a private hospital on the outskirts of Paris, well known to wealthy drug victims of the capital who often undergo treatment here and at the same time try to hide their vice from the world. While this establishment professes to treat all affections of the nervous system, the majority of its inmates are suffering from drugs. With its flowers, Yvonne and luxuriously equipped apartments, it has the appearance of a pleasure resort, and the convalescents promenade about the park as if at a garden party. Only the shriek of some delirious patient, locked up in the "pavillon des hallucinations," reminds the visitor that it is a hospital.

The Croupier's "Scoop" Swept Away Hundreds of Thousands of Francs of Disipated Prince Bertrand's Fortune on the Gambling Tables of Nearly All the Casinos of France.

Yet the young aristocrat, like Prince Raselas in the Happy Valley, grew weary and discontented. At the age of 25 he was as blasé as if he had gone through all the prodigalities of Sardanapalus. A gay dance-hall melody sounded in his ears mournful as a "De Profundis," the sweetest vine-tage seemed bitter as vinegar. And then the Prince, surfeited with ordinary pleasures, had recourse to the artificial elation produced by cocaine. Bertrand discovered "cocaine" released him from the

Prince Bertrand remained here two months and then left, believing himself cured. At Paris he was caught again by the whirlpool of pleasure, whose destructive force cannot be measured by those who see it from the outside. But his system, shattered by his wild course of living, craved stimulants, and though he managed to keep away from the white poison for a while, he indulged in less powerful narcotics.

According to the latest statistics of the police, Paris contains 30,000 known drug addicts, and there is no telling how many more there are who are unknown. Some of the leading playwrights, novelists, dancers, actors and "comedians" of the capital are addicted to narcotics. Van Duren, the well-known entertainer and dancing partner of Mlle. Edmonde Glay, died last Summer from an overdose of morphine, and the love of drugs proved the downfall of Mlle. Germaine Sombry, music-hall artiste, recently arrested for shoplifting.

Prince Bertrand, who has suffered a slow martyrdom to cocaine the past six years, has wasted his youth in riot, squandered his own and a part of his ex-wives' fortune, piled up debts, and brought disgrace on his family with court trials and his drug tribulations. Sinking lower and lower he finally became a wanderer in the underworld of Paris, homeless, and begging "snow" from drug-dealers.

Today Prince Bertrand de Faucigny-Lucinge, who lays claim to one of the most illustrious names of western aristocracy, lives in a charity hospital, abandoned by the members of his noble family, without a home, penniless, a pitiful wreck—overwhelmed by the lassitude of a man who can feel no more because he has felt too much.



The Prince Drifted About the Streets, Sleeping in Doorways and Alleys With Ragpickers and Outcasts, Peering in at the Gay Restaurants Where He Had Himself Formerly Been Host of Extravagant Dinner Parties—But Now Glad to Share a Crust of Bread With the Vagabonds Who Haunt the Public Markets.

Famous Pickwick Panels in Doomed Ale House, Saved by British Museum



"Pickwick in a Barrow." One of the Most Amusing of the Panels Painted by Mr. Thompson, a Pupil of Cruikshank, on the Wall of Duncannon Tavern.



Front of the Duncannon Cafe, the Last Marker of the Dickens Era in London, Which Acquired Its Fame From the Original Panels Painted Eight Years Ago.



"Sergeant Busfuts Opening the Breach of Promise Case of Bardell vs. Pickwick."

LONDONERS who frequented celebrated Duncannon Tavern, a landmark close to Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross, were shocked when they learned that the public house was doomed to the pick-axes of wreckers making way for several modern buildings.

But they were not so concerned for the inn itself as for the many painted panels of Dickens characters which had graced the stairway and the bar for the past eight years. These murals

of "Eatonville Election With Stankey's Band," "Another of the Comic Frolics Saved From Destruction When the Tavern Was Demolished."

were the work of an artist named Thompson, a great lover of Dickens' works and a pupil of the famous artist Cruikshank.

The so-called Pickwick Panels were the pride and the delight of Englishmen from one end of Britain to the other and thousands of tourists visited Duncannon Tavern every year to see these spirited, life-size portraits out of Dickens' books. There they ate their roast beef and drank their ale among such characters as Tracy Tupman, Winkle, Sam Weller and the Fat Boy. A donkey brayed at the appalled Mr. Pickwick and Bob Sawyer grinned amiably down from the high seat of his coach. One panel, depicting Christmas at Dingley Dell, was especially amusing for its bery of prodigious spinners sitting up as stiffly as figures done in wool yarn on a Victorian sampler.

To let these pictures fall prey to the picks of the wreckers seemed sacrilege, but all attempts to save them fell on deaf ears until the tavern was half

down and its partly demolished walls stood like a giant skeleton. On the very day that the walls decorated with the famous paintings would have been pulled down, officials of the British Museum stepped in and requested the privilege of saving the panels. The owners of the tavern site agreed to hold up their wrecking operations for a day or two, and skilled workmen carefully peeled the paintings from the walls.

Just where the panels eventually will be hung has not yet been decided. Perhaps a special gallery for them will be put up in the British Museum, or they may go to one of several art museums in London. The artist, a deaf and dumb man, is still alive and it is possible that the canvases will be returned to him.

At least one wealthy American has made overtures to procure the panels for his home, but Englishmen do not

act out of Dickens' works. They believe that the characters are essentially British and that they should remain where Englishmen can look at them as often as they like.

It was during the reign of Queen Victoria that Duncannon Tavern was built as a part of the then new Strand. Its roast beef and its potent ale made it a favorite gathering place for Londoners, but it was quite as well known to Englishmen from other parts of the

British Isles because it was the terminus for stage coach lines running into the capital from the southern and western sections of the country.

When the stage coaches were replaced by more modern horse-drawn omnibuses, and later by motor buses, the tavern continued as a terminal. Its greatest fame came in the last eight years, however, during which time its walls were graced by the Pickwick panels.



Curious Crab From the Great Barrier Reef That Bears "Finger Marks" of Blood-Red Hue on Its Back.

London Revue Revives the Petticoat

CHARLES B. COCHRAN is the leading British producer of musical shows, and a thorough-going Englishman who believes in making his entertaining extravaganzas work for the good of the country as well as for his own profit. This year, when he was getting ready to stage his "1931 Revue," he remembered that business depressions had struck a hard blow at the cotton mills and lace factories in Nottingham and Lancashire. Thousands of employees were out of work. Hundreds of families in that section of England were living on government doles.

Mr. Cochran decided to help—so he dressed his showgirls in petticoats for the big final scene in his current revue.

This might seem of small importance to the idle and hungry mill and factory workers, but already they are drifting back to their looms to fill orders for cotton and lace that are increasing amazingly.

The 1931 Revue is glorifying the petticoat—and now every fashionable English woman is going in for the revived petticoat vogue that died a sudden death during the war, when women cut out the frills and went in for short skirts.

Officials of the British Fashions and Fabric Bureau, the final authority on styles in the British Isles, are gratified at the employment that the resurrected vogue has brought and they admit frankly that they had a hand in helping Mr. Cochran plan the finale in which the principals and the chorus conceal their shapely legs under ankle-length frocks, from beneath which flash the frothy lace flounces of petticoats.

This scene made a hit on the opening night of the show and almost every critic had something to say about the charm of the almost forgotten petticoat. Fashion designers took their cue from the popularity of the frilly finale and immediately began creating evening gowns that required petticoats.

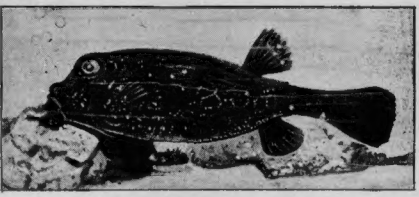
English matrons seem to be enjoying the comeback of the underskirt of by-gone days and their daughters are delighted to wear what is to them something new in the changing catalogue of fashion. Far from countering the vogue, they have adopted the several of the more exclusive salons are designed to be worn over more modernized underskirts with deep hem of delicate lace.

Just how much Mr. Cochran's introduction of the once popular petticoat in his new revue will do for the British cotton mills and lace factories remains to be seen, but the Victorian vogue is already well started and has sent several thousand hands back to their looms.

Cotton growers in the United States hope that the revival of the fashion will spread all over Europe and to this country—for they, too, would profit by the success of Mr. Cochran's interesting attempt to aid industry.



A Quintet of Cochran Revue Showgirls Wearing the Petticoat Revival Costumes, Which Are Helping Restore That Discarded Feminine Garment to Popular Favor.



The Fish That Has a Bony Shell Instead of a Skin. It Was Photographed Under Water.

Strange Creatures From the Barrier Reef

THE waters about the Great Barrier Reef of Australia cover a marine wonderland, with a profuse and bizarre animal life. There are crabs that wear clothes, which they make for themselves. Other crabs arm themselves with weapons for killing, and yet others are soldiers that march over the coral sands in serried ranks.

The crab that wears clothes is a spider crab. He cuts them out with his claws, snipping off pieces of living sponges and planting them on his body, so to speak. Thus planted, the pieces grow, and soon provide him with a complete suit, covering even his underbody and legs. Thus he assumes the appearance of a sponge that walks about, and by that clever disguise evades recognition by his enemies.

Then there is a crab that carries an umbrella in each claw. Of course, they are not really umbrellas; they are sea-anemones which have stinging cells. Grasping one of them in each claw, the creature employs them as weapons with which to kill or paralyze the small animals on which it preys.

The soldier crabs, that march in ranks over the sands of the Great Barrier Reef, as if in military formation, are land crabs. If approached, they disappear into the sand, burrowing in "waves"—first the front rank, then the second, and so on in regimented order to the rearward rank. In a few minutes the entire army vanishes.

Crabs of another species, inhabiting mud flats, dig labyrinthine burrows. Each crab has its own burrow, with many tunnels and cross-galleries, but maintains a passage of communication leading to a large central hall which seems to be a community gathering place.

These mud-dwelling crabs have an interesting method of courtship, enacting in "love dances" which resemble those of certain birds. The male, when, by his Tergichthonian performance, he has persuaded a female to accept him as her mate, picks her up in his nippers and carries her away to his burrow.

In the waters along the reef, which is a thousand miles long, there are many other kinds of queer animals. One of them is a fish whose body is encased in a bony shell which is in effect a box, so hard as to be almost impenetrable. Huge sea-snails without shells crawl about on the bottom in the shallows. Marine worms of gorgeous colors, mostly red and blue, resembling flowers, live in rocky tubes, and while feeding exhibit the flowery effect.

An odd little crustacean compels the coral polyp to build him a house. The female, as a young larva, settles down upon the growing coral and creates a chemical irritation which impels the polyp, for its own protection, to build around the intruder a wall of limestone.

There are in those waters giant hermit crabs which inhabit the discarded shells of a species of univalve mollusk nearly two feet long. But most remarkable is a fairly large crab which bears on its back blood-red marks that look like finger prints.

What Would You Do With a Wife Like Helen?

Harry Loves Her, but Keeps Losing Her; and the Last Time He Got Her Back He Was a Little Rough, but Helen Didn't Object. And Then She Suddenly Changed Her Mind Again, and They Locked Harry Up for Kidnaping Her



1 Under the Influence of a Brilliant May Moon, Harry and Helen Became Interested in Each Other.

University of Wisconsin and young Drill ran down for weekends to pay court, with long and happy hours on the campus. In the Fall she transferred to Carlton College at Northfield, Minn., where the couple became a familiar sight on the campus. But after a few weeks Helen became tired of Carlton and Harry became tired of following her from college to college. So, late in October, they drove to Northwood, Iowa, and casually, between cigarettes, stopped off and got married. Then both returned to the homes of their parents in St. Paul.

Not having asked anyone's consent, they now postponed the fuss that probably would be made as long as possible and kept the matter a secret for nearly four months, during which they spent many weekends together and Harry wrote his bride a daily love letter.

The girl's mother decided she ought to know more about such a dutiful correspondent and opened one. The cat was out of the bag and Mrs. Fischer was even more fussy than anyone had feared.

Harry received a brief letter from his wife, saying: "Ma says if I don't give you up she will kill herself, so guess I better had."

"Love, Helen," "P. S. I am going away from here."

She did, but, after a few weeks, Helen returned to St. Paul and entered Hamilton College in that city becoming a co-ed, under her maiden name, as if nothing had happened. Her parents started annulment proceedings and she kept Harry at a distance until the following Summer when she sampled the University of Minnesota's Summer session.

One day the young man drove over to the agency and waited in the post office till Helen, now his ex-wife, came in for her mail. They walked around a while and finally sat down on the Campus Knoll, Harry all the time protesting his undying love and begging her to marry him again. At last Helen said she must attend a class and got up.

"If you don't marry me I will kill myself," he threatened. "That's just a lot of noise," Helen answered and walked away. But a moment later there was more noise, the sound of a pistol shot. Harry had fired a bullet into his chest. It turned out not to be a very serious wound but the girl seemed thrilled and flattered at such devotion and soon they were man and wife again. But Mrs. Fischer was more furious than ever and after nine days' married life emotional Helen drove her husband home, a mistake again. She wrote Drill's father:

"Harry forced me to marry him. I don't care to have people shooting themselves in front of me."

Leaving Harry and Minnesota University flat, she tried the University of Wisconsin again but she had been there before and quickly wandered off to Tower, Minn., where she visited an aunt a while. There are no great thrills to be found with an aunt, so young Mrs. Drill went home. St. Paul having nothing new and startling to



2 Courtship Continued Happily on the Campus of the University of Wisconsin, Where Helen Was a Student.



This Is Helen.

offer she packed up and headed for New York, after starting divorce proceedings.

Helen had never experimented with any Eastern colleges and now entered the City College of New York under the name of Mary La Torre. Harry knew where she was but not that new name, so all his letters came back unopened.

Finally Harry discovered the new name but decided that mere writing would not win back his wife. She needed something dramatic and thrilling, like shooting himself, but he preferred to do something less painful. This time, with Elmer Peterson and Harry Caldwell, two young chums of St. Paul, he drove to New York in Peterson's car, late this Spring. There Robert Hufnagel, a Columbia student, turned detective for them and located Helen's boarding house.

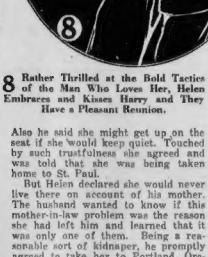
In Hufnagel's car with the other following, he and Harry cruised near where the young woman lived and spotted her on 112th Street, where the curious "kidnaping" began. According to her story, Harry seized her on the sidewalk and forced her into the car. She struggled and screamed till he silenced her with a handkerchief, though it was still broad daylight nobody noticed the "crime."

Hufnagel drove away with Harry holding his captive down in the bottom of the car and followed by the others in the Peterson car. After a few blocks Harry took off the handkerchief and offered Helen a cigarette, which she could not resist because she had not had one since before dinner.



3 And Finally, Feeling That They Know Their Own Hearts and Minds, They Eloped and Were Secretly Married in an Iowa Town.

Eleven Episodes in the Tragedy-Romance of Harry Drill and His Wife Helen. With Touches of Real-Life Melodrama Which Led the Judge to Remark, "A bunch of kids who all ought to be spanked."



8 Rather Thrilled at the Bold Tactics of the Man Who Loves Her, Helen Embraces and Kisses Harry and They Have a Pleasant Reunion.

Also he said she might get up on the seat if she would keep quiet. Touched by such trustfulness she agreed and was told that she was being taken home to St. Paul.

But Helen declared she would never live there on account of his mother. The husband wanted to know if this mother-in-law problem was the reason she had left him and learned that it was only one of them. Being a reasonable sort of kidnaper, he promptly agreed to take her to Portland, Oregon, instead.

That was a thrill for she had never been in Oregon nor tried any of the colleges on the coast. Helen says it upset her judgment as badly as if he had given her a drug. However, she remembered her mother's saying that this man was only after her for her \$100,000 inheritance, so she said:

"I'll go if you will sign a release on all interest in my estate."

Harry promised and Helen so forgot herself as to throw her arms about her kidnaper. Outside of New York the others transferred to a motor car, except Hufnagel, who reluctantly abandoned the adventure and returned to his home.

The three kidnapers and their victim were stopped by a policeman for a traffic violation. Helen was so interested in the well-known outdoor sport of talking a cop out of giving a ticket that she forgot to ask for help and joined in the pleading. The policeman let them go.

They stopped for the night at a hotel in Poughkeepsie. There was another chance to appeal for rescue but she says she was too tired to be asked to shut herself alone and might do so again or shoot her. Harry registered them as man and wife, which indeed they were, and therefore she saw no reason why they should not occupy the same room.

Harry told the judge that during that first stop Helen silenced his requests for her reasons for leaving him by hugs, kisses and the statement that she wanted to be the mother of his children. Later, when she again dodged the question, he became angry and threatened to leave her. He says that she again threw her arms around him and pleaded with him to stay. This is the first time in the annals of crime that a victim vanquished a kidnaper out of the idea of running away.



4 But at Last Helen's Mother Discovered the Secret, Threatened to Commit Suicide, and Helen Secured an Annulment of the Marriage.



7 Once Again a Co-ed, and This Time Enrolled in the College of the City of New York, Harry Finds His Wife's Boarding Place, Watches for Her With an Automobile and Friends and as the Girl Approaches He Throws a Handkerchief Over Her Face and Pushes Her Into the Car.



9 But After Two Days and Two Nights Together, Helen Changes Her Mind Once More and Writes a Dramatic "Kidnaped" Note on a Paper Towel in a Filling Station Rest Room.

On the road to Buffalo another novelty in kidnaping occurred. The victim prevailed upon the kidnaper to shave off the pride of his life, his little new mustache, because it "spoiled his kisses." Nobody could deny that he was an indulgent kidnaper and she an obliging victim. They spent the second night at Kemper's Tourist Camp outside of Buffalo and again Helen spent the night with her husband.

A day and two nights together and not an unkind word thus far. But after Buffalo the trouble began. They seem to have forgotten that they were kidnaper and victim and to have slipped back into the old husband and wife attitude. Helen commenced to talk about her mother who had threatened to commit suicide if she did not leave him. This mother-in-law talk made Harry tired, he refused to talk, became sullen and finally went to sleep.

Now Helen had sweetly endured the outrage of being kidnapped as long as the kidnaper was a gallant and attentive chum but now that he had turned into a grumpy, sleepy husband who refused to let a girl talk as much as she wished, her spirit rose in rebellion. This was cruel and inhuman treatment, the kind of mental cruelty for which courts grant wives divorces and she was not going to stand it. So she left that note in the ladies' waiting room "Told me to be spanked."

The three boys, however, were held a few days to see whether the New York authorities really wanted them for kidnaping or just out of curiosity.



5 Again a Co-ed, This Time at the University of Minnesota, Harry Meets Her and Shoots a Bullet Into His Chest, Which Wins Her Sympathy and Helen Remarries Him.



6 But Nine Days Later Helen Changes Her Mind Again and Leaves Him.



10 The Appeal for Help is Found, Police Notified Along the Road, the Car Is Intercepted and All Hands Are Arrested.



11 And After Hearing the Terrible Tale of the Cruel Kidnaping, the Judge Dismisses the Case and Remarks: "A bunch of kids who all ought to be spanked."

pointing out that the alleged victim had neglected innumerable opportunities for escape and rescue and ended by handing down the opinion that they were "a bunch of kids who all ought to be spanked."

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EASIER, QUICKER, BETTER... and safe



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—doesn't rub off the finish to remove the dirt—
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You need: A can of Bon Ami Powder; Two pails of water; Two pieces of cheese-cloth; A soft cloth or towel.
1. Fold a small piece of cheese-cloth into a pad. Wet thoroughly in clear water so that the cloth is wet, but not dripping. Shake onto this cloth, folded as shown above, a generous amount of Bon Ami Powder. Then rub the cloth together until there is no dry Bon Ami, and the Powder is well worked into cloth. *This is important.*



2. Rub the surface to be cleaned vigorously with short, straight, back-and-forth strokes, exerting whatever pressure is necessary to remove the dirt. (Don't worry, Bon Ami will not scratch.) Do not attempt to cover too much surface at one time... about two square feet is right. Rub briskly until the surface is thoroughly cleaned, applying more Bon Ami when necessary. *If you are cleaning your car outdoors do not work in sunshine.*



3. Thoroughly wet, and wring out the soft, absorbent cloth or towel, and fold it as shown in the above illustration. Draw it down over the surface you have just cleaned; and nearly all of the Bon Ami and dirt have just cleaned off. Turn the cloth or towel over and with the clean side repeat the operation and all the dirt and traffic film are removed. During this part of the operation frequently rinse the cloth or towel in clear water.



4. While the surface is still damp take your dry cloth and rub briskly. If surface dries at this point, a faint film of Bon Ami may appear. If so, run the wet cloth or towel over it again and proceed immediately as shown above. The surface should be dried by rubbing. With this clean, dry base to work on, a fine job of waxing or polishing can be done. Use your favorite automobile wax or polish and follow whatever directions are given with it.



5. As you come to the windows and windshield, apply Bon Ami with the damp cloth. Don't use too much. Wipe the Bon Ami off while it is still wet and then rub the glass to a polish with a clean, dry cloth. *Many people let Bon Ami dry on glass, but you'll find that taking it off while it is still wet will give a much better result.*



6: Another advantage of the Bon Ami method is that you can also clean the chromium, nickel, etc., as you come to them. The operation is to apply the Bon Ami briskly with the damp cloth. Let the Bon Ami dry for a few minutes. Then rub it off with the clean, dry cloth—and a beautiful brilliant polish is the result.

Save these directions and follow them carefully!

PERHAPS you're surprised, but it's true that Bon Ami, the old reliable household cleanser, is just about the finest thing ever for cleaning automobiles. For years chauffeurs responsible for high-priced cars have depended on Bon Ami. *They knew it was safe.*

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You probably have a can of Bon Ami Powder right in your kitchen now. If not, you can buy one at any grocery store. Try it on your car! Watch it remove dingy traffic-film. Watch it restore the beauty of the finish. Watch stains and grease disappear. Compare the result with any thorough cleaning job you have ever seen. Compare the work, the speed. Do this, and Bon Ami Powder will have a permanent place in your garage.

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"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"

The Lowest "Masterpieces of Art"

But Distinguished Doctors From Paris Lunatic Asylums Comment on the Resemblance of the Work of These Ultra-Modern Artists to the Paintings by Madhouse Inmates



"THE MANIKIN," by Giorgio De Chirico, in the Collection of Paul Guillaume, Paris.

PARIS, May 14. THE other day Professor Wislawa Mayr gave an illustrated lecture to the students of philosophy and mathematics at the Association Generale de Paris. "Paintings by Madmen and Modern Art" was the subject. After flashing on the screen several drawings by acknowledged idiots, which he psycho-analyzed, the professor showed a composition of cubes and curved lines.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is not the work of a madman. It is a masterpiece by a modern leader whose pictures bring fabulous sums. People pay real money for them. In short, it is a Picasso!"

Then came more asylum scrawls, followed by a lady's portrait from the brush of Fernand Leger. "Surely," remarked the savant, "she has met with some serious accident."

More wild sketches were projected on the screen, culminating in a picture by Andre Lhote. "M. Lhote is not crazy, ladies and gentlemen. He is a painter and a critic. He writes articles on art for some of the leading magazines." And the professor proceeded with his lecture.

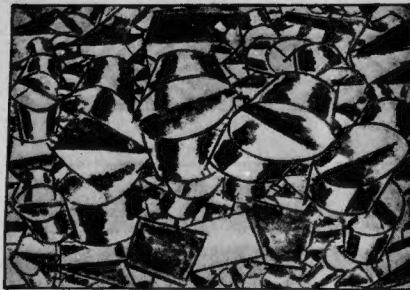
Monsieur Mayr was too polite to call the idols of the modernist movement in France "lunatics." Moreover, it would have been imprudent, as it is against the law—unless one can get two physicians to give the same opinion.

The learned lecturer, who is professor at the College of Social Sciences, was formerly associated with Auguste Marie, doctor-in-chief at the well-known asylum of Sainte-Anne, Paris. A few months ago Dr. Marie surprised art enthusiasts of the city by opening a show of chief-oeuvre by madmen under his care, taking particular pleasure in pointing out to connoisseurs the primitive tendencies in his "pauvre" efforts that recalled canvases of celebrated contemporaries. London, Berlin and Moscow have seen similar exhibitions.

Dr. Hans Prinschorn, author of "Bildneri der Geisteskranken," and collector of sculptures by insane asylum artists, has frequently commented on the affinities existing between compositions of lunatics and of leading painters. Dr. Jean Vinchon, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, has published a book on "Art and Lunacy," and Dr. Bornmann, in "Varietes," a Belgian publication, contributed some time ago a couple of paintings by a madwoman that seem none alongside the paintings of Braque, Picasso and Leger.

In the past, painters and sculptors tried to produce something that resembled Nature as much as possible. That was the first principle of graphic art. The aim of the ultra-modernists is to make something as unlike Nature as possible—and in this they have been eminently successful. The Greeks drew the body for true delight in it; the moderns draw and quarter it.

Michael Angelo has been blamed because he made his figures too muscular, and El Greco for making his so attenuated. Artists today are extolled who make their human models look like



"A NUDE," by Fernand Leger, in the Gallery Pierre, Paris. No Complaints Have Been Received by the Police That This Painting Is Suggestive, Immoral or Obscene.



"The Contemplation of the Infinite" by Chirico.



"Man Seated," a Bronze by Jacques Lipchitz, Gallery of Jeanne Bucher, Paris.



"Woman and Guitar," a Bronze by Jacques Lipchitz.



"The Clown" by Juan Gris.



"A Country Landscape" by J. Peyrass in the Gallery Myrhor, Paris.

"THE MUSICIAN," a Bronze by Jacques Lipchitz, in the Gallery of Jeanne Bucher, Paris.



"The Poet" by Chirico.

"The End of the World." It is rumored that he is planning to make pictures for Einstein's Theory of Relativity. At present the wizard has shut himself up in his Paris studio in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, where he is deeply occupied on solving the problem of placing objects and the human figure beside each other in space.

Georges Braque, like Picasso and Leger, does things at a different angle from ordinary mortals. In his mind the world is reflected as a concave or convex mirror, that comically elongates or abbreviates everything. The intonations of men and things in the future, while doctors merely note in them symptoms of their creator's megalomania and mental derangement.

In "Lascom," Lesing marked out the limits of painting. But the realm of the ultra-modernists is without boundaries. Passing through Fauvism and Cubism, Braque has tried to create an artistic country of his own—a land of wild, extravagant, Braque's "Study of a Woman" is said to possess an esoteric charm that escapes the vulgar, and admirers have no scruples in placing it above the enigmatic Mona Lisa. Interviewed in his sumptuous studio near the Parc Monceau, Paris, Braque announced oracularly: "We are creating a new art for a new time."

When his "toiles" were first exposed at the Salon d'Automne, they roused immediate favor with Picasso. These toasty-curry canvases have been called "occult," probably because they are flooded by a mysterious light "that never was on sea or land" like a seldom bothers to search for living models, being content with the wooden lay figures and plaster casts in his studio. A picture by him without a manikin is like a story by Hoffman without a Prussian court-councillor, or Hamlet with the Prince left out.

Some of Chirico's best-known works are "Soldiers of Marathon," "The Oracle's Enigma," "The Platonists," "The Alarming Gales," "A Greek God," "A Poet Comforted by His Muse," "Prophets," "The Trouveres (Poet)," "A Roman Legionary Gazing at the Conquered Land," and "Contemplation of the Infinite." These high-sounding

titles are given to a lot of childish conceptions. "The Contemplation of the Infinite" resembles a rubbish-heap behind a box-factory. His horses look as if they were made of flour-sacks. Chirico seems to have emulated the bad drawings of a boy in a grade-school.

Two years ago Cubism lost one of its pioneers in Juan Gris. He became famous with his "Pierrot et la Guitare" (1922). The master's mantle has fallen on the shoulders of J. Peyrass, a native of Cahors, if one may judge by a "landscape" displayed at the Galerie Myrhor, Paris. This "paysage" recalls Claretie's remark that "landscape is a state of mind." When not creating such miracles of facile workmanship, the painter employs his time at Algiers raising tobacco, and doubtless says with Jules Dupre: "My finest pictures are those I imagine for myself alone as I smoke my pipe." Peyrass has a rival in Juan Miro, the Spaniard, whose landscapes, reminiscent of Leger's, at present on exhibit at the Galerie Pierre, Paris. The United States is the proud possessor of one of his "toiles" labelled "dog barking at the Moon."

Sculpture in ancient Athens was remarkable for bodily perfection, in Rome for character of portraiture, in Florence for romantic emotion. Thanks to Jacques Lipchitz Paris today has witnessed the birth of a new style—clairvoyant carvings that portray the invisible. Rodin's wildest works are mild compared to the revelations of this Pole from Drakiminski. In 1909, Lipchitz left for Paris and studied sculpture in the Beaux-Arts and the Academie Julian. That his time was not wasted in student frivolities is proved by his bronze "Musician" and "Man Seated," now shown at the Galerie Jeanne Bucher, Paris. His sculptures in stone, such as the "Man with Mandolin" and "Woman Bathing," bear the same marks of his advanced genius.

Though his creations do not seem to have cost him more than ten minutes' reflection and a half a day's work, they are the result of long meditations and represent the crystallization of poetic thought—so we are the more inclined to judge from their canvases that jam the art galleries of the city. It is found everywhere, in the bars and restaurants, in the taking advantage of this ruling.

People who think Cubism is dying or dead are mistaken. The influence of the modernist movement is not only the most conspicuous, perhaps, in the capital. "When we began to work," writes Fernand Leger, "the modern poster did not exist. We invented our pictures the flat tones that are now used."

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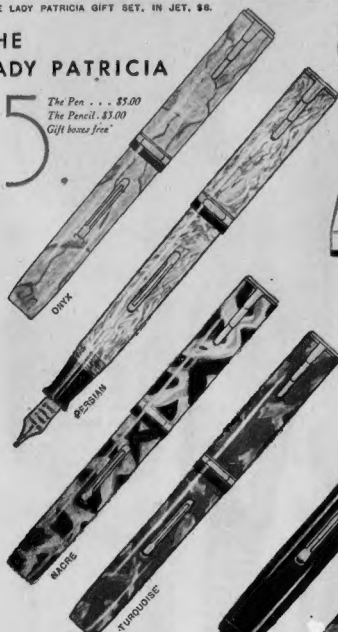
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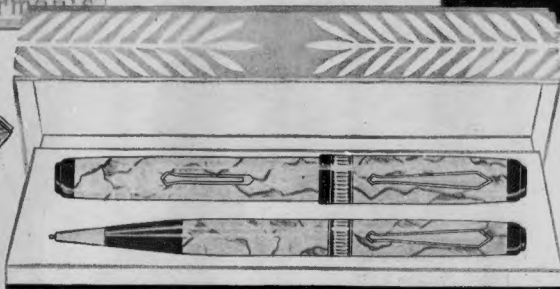


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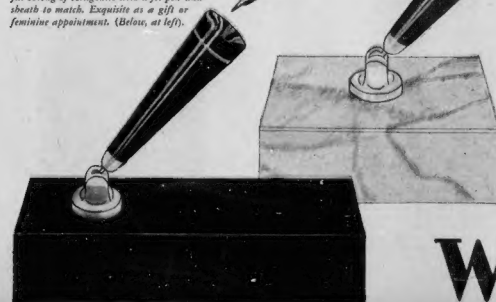
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Turn-and-Out Kings and Queens in Exile

Thirteen Monarchs Who Have Lost Their Thrones, All of Them Too Proud to Work, and Where They Are Living and Dreaming That Some Day They Will "Come Back"



Ex-King Alfonso, With the Shah of Persia, at the Paris Races Before Spain Dethroned Him. Caricature by Sem.

LONDON, May 16. WHEN the president of a civilized republic ends his term of office, he may step out with press and security, pick up the thread of his business or profession and live with distinction in the community. But when a crowned head is "through," things are different. If he can get safely out of the country he is lucky, and the last thing in the world he thinks of is settling down among the people who were his subjects. Of course, fit some of the less stable republics, and where the president has ruled with an iron hand or robbed the public treasury, it is not always safe for him to stay around.

And so when Alfonso XIII stepped down from the throne of Spain and left the palace, he kept right on going until he was safely over the border and out of danger. Alfonso is the latest of thirteen down-and-out Kings and Queens who are glad to live anywhere except in the country where they formerly wore a crown. Among the lot is one exception—ex-King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, who still lives in his former kingdom and nobody bothers about him.

The thirteen are ex-King Alfonso of Spain, the ex-Kaiser of Germany, ex-King Hussein of the Hejaz, ex-Sultan Abdul Medjid of Turkey, ex-King Michael of Montenegro, the ex-Maharajah of Indore, ex-King Amanullah of Afghanistan, ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, ex-King Manuel of Portugal, ex-King Otto of Hungary, ex-King George of Greece, and the ex-Empress of China.

It is curious that Alfonso XIII should also be number 13 in the list of living exiles who have lost their thrones. The King of Spain was probably the most extravagant monarch of modern times. He had many great palaces, stables filled with hundreds of racehorses and polo ponies, a fleet of steam, motor and sailing yachts, and 60 motor cars. But while he was in the crown, he had a grip on things he had no income big enough to swing all this. Just now they are investigating to find out just how Alfonso used his position and power to fill his pockets.

But how much the ex-King of Spain has grabbed in recent years and sent out of the country there it cannot be taken away from him is not known. In any case, he certainly will not be able to keep up the extravagance and trips to the gambling casinos of former years. And his wife, Victoria, will have to economize. It was her habit to go to Paris two or three times a year and keep most of the famous dressmakers busy for weeks. It has been common gossip that her former Majesty was rather slow pay, but no tradesman dared dun her for the money or stop her credit. But now Victoria will have to pay promptly or will not get her clothes.

Alfonso has not yet decided whether he will settle down to an exile in France or move over to England, where his wife is a member of the British

royal family. Like most of the other royal families, he dreams of the day when he will "come back." But the world has changed; there is very little room in the modern world for royalty.

The monarch who suffered the biggest fall is, of course, the German Kaiser. He is virtually a prisoner in his modest castle at Doorn, Holland. His own people do not want him and the allied countries want him still less. He cannot appear much in public in Holland as it might involve the governments. He spends most of his time shut up in his library writing voluminous papers on such topics as "Why I Almost Won the War," "Why I Did Not Start the War" and "Why the German People Want Me Back," and so forth.

All the minor Kings and Princes of Germany fell together with the Kaiser. There was no great popular feeling against them and they did not have to run away from their country like their chief. Most of them are now living as country gentlemen, practically as farmers. One of them who excites more interest than the others is the ex-King Frederick Augustus of Saxony. He enjoys his fame because his wife, known as Crown Princess Louise, ran away from him, unable to endure the stifling, artificial life of the court. The King now lives at the Castle of Silesyent, taking a great interest in the raising of pigs and similar subjects. His former wife has been existing in great misery in Brussels.

A boy of eighteen styled King Otto of Hungary, is occupying a modest country house at Stenckersreale, in Belgium, with his mother, the empress Zita, and his seven brothers and sisters. He is the son of the last Emperor of Austria-Hungary and chief of the Hapsburgs, once the oldest ruling family in Europe. He is called King of Hungary because some of the Hungarians have expressed a desire to have him as their monarch. He has known great hardship since his family was exiled from Austria, and his father actually died from privations during his wanderings. He devoted his misbegotten mother not lets him forget that he is a King in theory and spends every hour of the twenty-four hours in his household.

Ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is in the queer position of being a King who was turned off a throne to make room for his son. At the end of the war, which was peculiarly disastrous for Bulgaria, Ferdinand fled from his subjects as fast as he could. He had a special train ready for the purpose. He now lives in his native city of Coburg, giving his time to writing letters and going to music-halls. The Bulgarians decided that a monarch was greater than a republic and made his son king.

Ex-King George of Greece has kept enough of his fortune to be known as the best dressed King in exile. He has



The Ex-Empress Hsuan Tung of China, Once Called "Son of Heaven," Now a Poor Refugee in Japan.

addresses at Bucharest and London, the two farthest separated capitals in Europe. He is the son-in-law of the lively Queen Marie of Rumania and is a familiar figure at Monte Carlo, Deauville and all the gayest resorts of the Continent. Indeed, this fallen monarch is quite a King of Society.

Ex-King Manuel of Portugal was driven from his throne by a revolution twenty-one years ago and now lives very quietly at Fulwell Park, Twickenham, a suburb of London. Manuel once gained celebrity by the amount of money he spent on Gaby Deslys, and this was one of the reasons that caused the Portuguese to drive him out. Today he is nearly forgotten and considers himself honored when his suburban neighbors ask him to open a bazaar.

Montenegro was the country from which the Prince in "The Merry Widow" came, and it is known to the public chiefly for this reason and for the material it has furnished for "Prisoner of Zenda" and "Graustark" romances. During the war the Prince promoted himself to King and was afterwards abolished by his neighbor the King of Serbia. Today this romantic King is said to be living in a cheap lodging house in Bloombury, London, taking his meals at cheap restaurants and happy when he can afford to go to a motion picture. A relative is married to the daughter of a London policeman.

Prince William of Wied, who was made King of Albania and deposed in the first year of the war, is now living quietly in Germany. He recently claimed the right to succeed to the present King.

A few years ago Asia was still largely ruled over by absolute despots who hopped off a man's head if he annoyed them or simply because the royal stomach was a little out of order.

Young Otto, Oldest Son of the Last Emperor of Austria-Hungary, Dressed Up as "King of Hungary" in His Belgian Exile.

with him. For a time he was in need of money to pay his hotel and laundry bills, but some faithful Turkish and American friends came to his help and placed him beyond immediate want. Today he is living in a very small villa at Nice, France, unable to afford a harem or play at the gambling tables, but happy to be out of the reach of the terrible Kemal.

The Emperor Hsuan Tung of China, was known as "the Son of Heaven" and was treated as divine. A walled city of fairylike palaces was maintained for his benefit and nobody could approach him without bawling his head nine times on the pavement. He was married the ceremony lasted a week and cost \$16,000,000. One day China decided to abolish the Empire and set up a system of republics and endless civil wars. The Emperor and Empress were driven forth to poverty and compelled to change their imperial names to the commoner names of Elizabeth Pu Yi. Some old-fashioned Chinamen took care of them because in that country a man acquires money from the number of his ancestors and the Emperor had so many. But the revolutionists grew more violent and the fallen sovereigns were obliged to take refuge on Japanese territory.

Until a few years ago Amanullah of Afghanistan was entertained in Europe by England, France, Russia and other powers as one who could bring a lot of wealth to them. He seized the op-

Attractive Queen Surin, Who Introduced Paris Fashions in Afghanistan and Was Driven into Exile With Her Husband.

But democratic ideas have made great progress in the ancient home of absolutism, and Sultans, Shahs and other despots have been ruthlessly swept off their thrones. A shining example was set when the Turks decided to get rid of the very ancient family of Osman, which had produced such monsters of cruelty as the Sultan Abdul Hamid.

The last Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Medjid by name, was only deposed in 1924. He had heard how Kemal Pasha had hanged his opponents by the dozen, and when His Majesty learnt that this democratic reformer was going to turn him out, he did not stop to write out his abdication but fled at once. In fact, he excited was he that he did not take any money or valuables with him. For a time he was in need of money to pay his hotel and laundry bills, but some faithful Turkish and American friends came to his help and placed him beyond immediate want. Today he is living in a very small villa at Nice, France, unable to afford a harem or play at the gambling tables, but happy to be out of the reach of the terrible Kemal.

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Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm in His Most Gorgeous Uniform, Quite Unlike to Him Now in His Almost Forgotten Exile in Holland.

portunity, it is said, to order an immense amount of valuable goods and forgot to pay for them. He was accompanied by his attractive wife who helped to run up the bills by selecting choice dresses and jewelry. After he got back to Afghanistan a revolution greeted the King and a person known as a "Water Boy" seized his throne. Afghanistan is a place where they practice assassination regularly and prisoners are blown from cannon.

King Amanullah laid his hands on some valuable portable property and departed for Europe. Today he is living modestly and quietly, but with comparative safety, in a small house in Florence.

The Maharajah of Indore, ruler of a great Hindi state, was removed by the British Government for having a dancing girl carried up because she had the audacity to leave him. Then he found an American girl foolish enough to marry him and lives with her in the suburbs of Paris.

The young Shah Sultan Ahmed of Persia was celebrated for a time as the most prodigal spendthrift in France. He carried several trunks of diamonds and rubies with him to France and would invite the girls to close their eyes and grab what they could. A kiss was all he asked. But while he was doing this, a rough soldier named Reza Pahlavi seized the throne, the only self-made King of today. He beats officials who merely annoy him with a stick and hangs those who trouble him more seriously.

While revolution was going on in Persia, little Ahmed continued to amuse himself with the girls in Paris. At last his money gave out and he could obtain no more from Persia. For a time he could purchase the society of the least expensive of the charmers he admired so much. Then not even one of them would pay him any attention. Recently the poor fellow fled in poverty, a victim of self-indulgence and idleness. His end is typical of the fate of Kings today.



Ex-King George of Greece, Now an Attraction at Tea Parties.



The Ex-Maharajah of Indore, Dethroned for Carrying Up a Dancing Girl, Now an Exile in Paris.



Ex-King Hussein of the Hejaz, Exiled Descendant of Mahomah.



Ex-King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, the Only Dethroned Monarch in His Home Land.



The Ex-Sultan Abdul Medjid of Turkey, Now Living Like a Retired French Grocer at Nice.



Prince William of Wied, Who Was King of Albania Only Two Months.

A miracle in shirt-making brings YOU this amazing offer!



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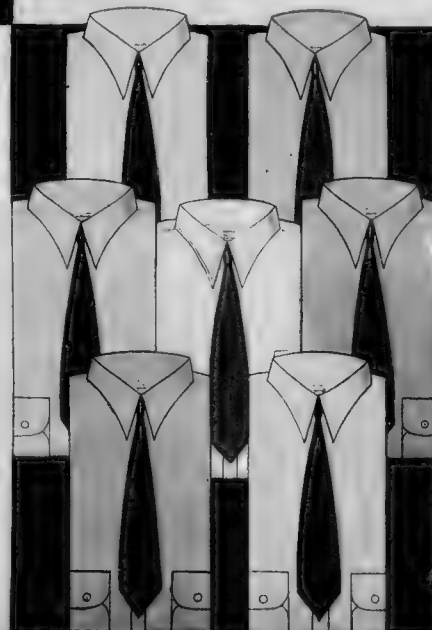
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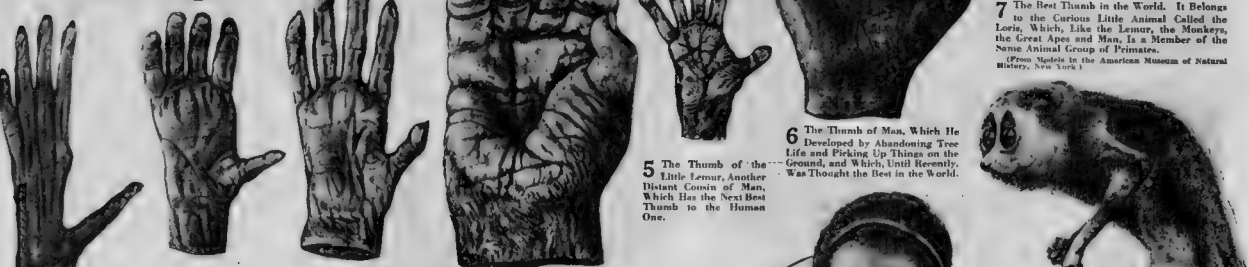
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How We Got Our Thumbs

Began to Develop When Man's Ancestors Abandoned the Trees and Started Picking Up Things From the Ground; the Gorilla's Thumbs Growing Like Man's; the Best Thumbs Not Ours but an Odd Little Cat-Faced Distant Cousin's Called the Loris—and Other Curious Facts About the Hand's Most Useful Digit



- 1 The Worst Thumb.** It belongs to a Tree Ape (the Gibbon), the Animal Group Known as Primates, of Which Man is a Member.
- 2 The Thumb of the Orang-utan.** Which is Considerably Better Than the Gibbon's, but Which the Tree-Climbing Habits Has Kept Small and Undeveloped.
- 3 The Thumb of the Chimpanzee.** Who Has the Best Brain of All the Tree Apes, but Only a Little Better Thumb Than the Orang-utan.
- 4 The Thumb of the Gorilla.** Which Has Been Steadily Developing on the Same Lines as Man's Thumb Since the Ape Abandoned Its Tree Life to Spend Most of Its Time on the Ground.
- 5 The Thumb of the Little Loris.** Another Distant Cousin of Man, Which Has the Next Best Thumb to the Human One.
- 6 The Thumb of Man.** Which He Developed by Abandoning Tree Life and Picking Up Things on the Ground, and Which, Until Recently, Was Thought the Best in the World.
- 7 The Best Thumb in the World.** It Belongs to the Curious Little Animal Called the Loris, Which, Like the Lemur, the Monkeys, the Great Apes and Man, is a Member of the Same Animal Group of Primates. (From Specimens in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.)

MAN has only one thumb to the four fingers on his hand, and yet a sore thumb pretty well puts the whole hand out of business. Nobody can button a shirt, hook up a dress or write his own name with a sore thumb.

The reason man has reached his pre-eminence among all the creatures on earth is largely due to his thumb. No dog, cat, horse or other four-footed animal could make an automobile or run an automobile, could use a carpenter's tools or excavate and fill a tooth with dental instruments. An ape could do some of these things because he has a rather efficient thumb.

Man has thumbs because his ape-like ancestors wanted to pick things up from the ground. When that ancestor left the trees, started to shamble along the ground and fumbled around trying to pick up stones to throw or to look for grubs under men, man's thumbs began to develop.

If he had stayed in the trees, swinging from branch to branch, the four fingers on each hand would have grown longer and stronger, but the thumb would have remained small and relatively weak. The thumb is not much used in climbing around trees.

But there is an animal which has a better thumb than man's. It is not, as one would expect, any of the great apes like the gorilla, the orang-utan or chimpanzee. It is the loris, a curious cat-like animal found in the forests of the Malay States and nearby islands. It would be difficult to find any two creatures less alike than a man and a loris. Yet this little animal is a primate, and is a reasonably close relative of man, coming from the same original stock.

The loris, however, do not live much on the ground, but spend their time in the trees, like the short-thumbed apes. But they live mainly on grubs and other insects, which they find clinging to the tree bark or hiding beneath it. To do this the loris had to develop thumbs, just as man's ancestors had to develop them to pick up things from the ground. The loris with the best thumbs were the best feeders and healthiest, and survived through troubles that killed the weaker ones. Their descendants inherited the better thumbs and developed better eyes still.

As this use for their thumbs was a highly specialized one, actually more so than man's use of his, in time they developed a better thumb than man has. These interesting facts and many others about the thumbs of man and his distant cousins were recently revealed by Mr. E. M. Ashley-Montagu in a study made at the Royal Anthropological Institute in London, England. Mr. Ashley-Montagu has been studying the hands of all the primate group—man, apes, monkeys, lemurs, and those who belong to this family of mammals. They are called primates, or "first-ones," because the more fully developed members, including man, are usually more highly evolved, especially in brain power, than any other animal group, and are all more or less related. Some forebore, such as the lemur, the loris resembles man for all their thick fur, its cat-like face and only the rudiments of a man-like brain.

Especially he has been measuring the length of thumbs as compared with those of the fingers and with the size of the whole hand. Altogether the hands of 185 specimens of all these animals were measured. That is how Mr. Ashley-Montagu discovered that man and the tree-living loris have the best thumbs, and the loris is a shade better than man's.

Nor do any of the great apes most resembling man have the next best thumb to his. That is possessed by the loris, another small animal quite as dissimilar in outward appearance to man as the loris, but quite as similar in skeletons and muscles.

Next to the loris in the comparative length and general quality of their thumbs come the ordinary monkeys, divided into groups: those that live in the Old World in Africa and Asia, and those that live in the New World in South and Central America. Naturalists have been accustomed for years to divide the world's monkey population into these two groups on the ground of difference in the use of the tail to swing by, in the possession of cheek pouches in which some kinds of monkeys can store food that they are not quite ready to swallow, and in agreement with other bodily differences.

Evolutionists believe that the original monkey stock separated many millions of years ago, one branch to form the Old World monkeys while the other branch migrated to the New World and began that branch. Since then the average thumb of the New World monkeys is longer and better than the thumb of the Old World family, the loris anatomist finds.

Finally, the worst thumbs of all among the ape-man-monkey group are found in the four great apes usually imagined to be like men or at least on some creatures now alive on earth, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-utan and the gibbon. The gorilla is the immense African ape, as powerful as a dozen men and perhaps weighing three hundred or four hundred pounds. The chimpanzee is the smaller ape usually trained to perform tricks on a stage, for chimpanzees are affectionate and docile animals possessed of considerable intelligence and able to learn to wear human clothes, to skate, to perform various acrobatic acts, to eat

more or less like human beings and even to smoke tobacco or to sew.

Orang-utans also are more or less tumbler and may be taught to do some kinds of tricks, but are not so cheerful or affectionate as the chimpanzees.

The fourth kind of man-like ape, the gibbon, is a slender, long-legged creature looking in many ways more like a monkey than like an ape closely related to man. Yet the gibbon is the only one of the apes which resembles man in walking and running habitually on two feet.

At first sight the measurements made by Mr. Ashley-Montagu on the thumbs of all these creatures seem puzzling. Other anatomists agree that these four apes, the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang-utan and the gibbon, undoubtedly are more like man than any other living animal. Yet the thumbs show no such close relationship. All four of these apes have the shortest thumbs, in proportion to the rest of the hand, found in the whole primate group.

Carefully studied, however, these facts prove not to be so contradictory as they seem. They provide, indeed, some of the most convincing proofs of man's real relationship with different members of the ape and monkey group. Tree-living apes, like the chimpanzee or the orang-utan, develop long fingers and relatively short thumbs. This is because the hand is used more often merely to grasp a branch or to hang from it than for any other purpose.

The life of a fruit picker and tree trimmer, climbing all the time among the branches, has made the short-thumbed ape of chimpanzee and orang-utan. The life of a ground cleaner, continually picking up something from the ground, perhaps to eat it or maybe to use it as a tool, has created the long and useful thumb of man.

Gradually these ancient and primitive lemurs acquired more and more use of their tails, developed better brains and evolved into creatures not unlike man in monkey. In the beginning the lemurs had moderately good thumbs and fingers, but not especially

good ones. As the monkeys developed strong, muscular tails, the thumb part of the hand became less important, while the majority of the monkeys shortened. That is why the surviving lemurs have longer thumbs, as Mr. Ashley-Montagu's figures show, than the monkeys. As tree life went on, larger and stouter monkeys were evolved and finally they developed into the apes like the chimpanzee and the orang-utan.

The thumbs continued to shorten, too, for tree life presented little need of long thumbs, even among the monkeys, which partly lost the use of their tails. This explains the short thumbs of the present apes.

Meanwhile one group of the original lemurs remained in the trees but developed a more and more complete habit of digging out insects and picking them off the tree bark to live on. The dependence of the insect-eating lemurs on their thumbs resulted, this theory implies, in the long thumbs of the present loris.

Among the monkeys the chimpanzee which has developed after millions of years out of the original monkey groups there appeared on a more family, a few million years ago, the original moderate thumb of the apes of the trees and began to live on the ground.

These developed good thumbs to pick up things and became man's ancestors.

After that, another group came down and became gorillas. The thumb of these was slowly lengthening as man's long thumb, then, is the original moderate thumb of the ancient lemurs first shortened by a period of life on the ground, then lengthened again by life on the ground.

The loris' long thumb is a development forced by the need of digging insects out of the tree bark. The evolutionary causes are different but the results, so far as thumbs alone go, is the same.

Photograph of a Young Monkey, Showing How the Four Fingers Are Used in Climbing and the Thumb Takes Little Part in the Action and So Remains Undeveloped.

Photograph of a Young Chimpanzee, Part of the African Woman Holding It, Showing Its Weak Little Thumb and Undeveloped Fingers.

Photograph of a Young Lemur, Showing Its Weak Little Thumb and Undeveloped Fingers.

The Surprised-Looking, Goggle-Eyed Lemur, Which Has the Next Best Thumb to Man, and Developed It, and Also Its Big Eyes, by Hunting Insect Food in the Dim Shades of the Forest.

And This Is the Queer Little Creature Called the Loris, Which Has Better Thumbs Than Man's, Because It Had to Specialize in Picking Grubs Out of Tree Bark for Its Food.

Secrets of London's Most Notorious Night

The Countess of Kinnoull, Titled Daughter of Meyrick, and Manager of Her Mother's Of Supper and Dance Resorts, Reveals Behind the Scenes With the Ric

Fashionable Patrons

NEXT to Her Majesty the Queen, perhaps the most famous night-club, and who has three times for defying the law of serving liquor and keeping open house. And while the illustrious mother was in her prime, her daughter, managed the clubs.

In these most exciting meeting grounds of underworld, where champagne splashes the walls in the cocktail shakers to take care of a fever to soon married Lord Kinnoull. Thus the Night became a member of the British Peerage; indeed, Dorothy Meyrick, also married a Peer, Lord de "Lady May," the Countess of Kinnoull, has lived of night club life ever since she graduated from school, and knows everybody of wealth and title. She has met the best and the worst of people, and the flow of life and the whirlpools of intrigue, dissipation, sometimes cast the victims into the divorce court and the grave.

The Countess of Kinnoull now draws aside the curtain and reveals many extraordinary incidents in the life and managed by Mrs. Meyrick and herself.



The Earl and Countess of Kinnoull. His Lordship is a Scotch Lord, and He is Here Shown in Scotch Plaid and Tam-o'Shanter.

By the Right Honorable the Countess of Kinnoull
Who Also Bears the Titles of Viscountess Dupplin,
Baroness Hay of Kintlaun, Baroness Hay of Balnain,
and Baroness Hay of Fyfe.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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WHEREVER there is much wine, women and song, sooner or later one finds the trail of tragedy. This does not prove, as some would have it, that such things should be abolished. People fight and die over the precious things of life, the things that make it worth living, not over the dull and stupid ones.

Recently the papers recorded that a young Cambridge student named Douglas Potts, only 19 years old, had committed a triple tragedy in his college rooms, with an automatic pistol killing the detective sent to arrest him, his tutor and himself. At the inquest the chief witness was Miss Madge Miller, described as "a professional dancing partner at the '43 Club.'" That was perfectly true. Mother engaged her, and I know her very well. I also knew young Potts.

Usually Cambridge and Oxford boys came to the club in droves that swamped us and, like a devastating flight of locusts, ate and drank up everything we had and laid the place waste. I will describe these alarming invasions later. Potts was one of the rather rare exceptions who visited the club alone or with only one college mate.

He first came to the "43 Club" about four months before the tragedy. He was with another boy of about his own age.

On that first visit I remember him as a pale-faced youth with a very nervous manner. It struck me, as it struck my sister, that he was making his first visit to a night club and that he was not very sure how much it would cost him and whether he had enough money to pay.

He and his friend went downstairs timidly and they had to be shepherded by our headwaiter to a table, where they sat down nervously. When the waiter asked what they wished to eat or drink, Potts left it to his friend to answer.

"Nothing for the moment, thanks. We'll order later," he said.

I doubt if that evening Potts and his friend spent three dollars. They seemed right out of their element and were more like fifth form schoolboys than young men up at Cambridge University, where youths soon find out how to become men about town before they have left their teens. Nobody expected to see him again, but we did.

Next time he came, we of the management and of the staff noted that Potts had made a stride forward in confidence. He was again with a friend and this time they gave a larger order with ease and confidence. Potts seemed to have lost his diffidence and after he had been down in the dance room a little while he went over to the dancing partners' table, and spoke to Madge Miller.

"Would you care to dance this with me?" he asked her and she rose and they set off together.

Miss Miller was not what I should describe as a very pretty girl. Attractive or charming would be the more correct word. It was not her features nor her figure so much as her expression and her coloring which made her that. As it was to turn out, she was, too, what you would term a "good sort." I shall indeed in another chapter tell you much about "gold-diggers with hearts of gold," and Madge Miller could well be put in that category.

Each time Potts came to the club he gained confidence and I noticed, too, that he spent more. He became friendly with the regular crowd who visited the club and among them were quite a number of well-known people. Persons of good position, of title and with money.

Potts, so recently the timid youth who had



His Highness the Aga Khan, the Ruler of the Indian Moslems, is One of the Richest Princes in India, and is Treated With Almost Royal Dignity in London. But on the Night When Oxford and Cambridge Boys Were Mixing It Up in the "43 Club" His Highness Happened to Come In, and as He Started Down the Stairs the Boys Yelled: "A Negro! Let's Chuck Him Out!" And His Highness Was Narrowly Saved from a Most Disagreeable Adventure. This Photograph Shows Aga Khan Leading His Horse Which Won the Great English Derby Last Year.

bashfully entered our dance-room, began to find his feet. He danced mostly with Madge Miller, but he mixed freely with all the smart younger set and with many prominent bohemian society folk, and he soon showed that he was not to be outdone in the matter of birth and position. One evening, when chatting with the manager, he referred to "my people. Fact is, I don't want it known, but I have connections with royalty. My family used to have far more money than they have now, but I still stand to inherit a pretty big sum when I'm 25."

To everyone he met, he hinted vaguely at "his people" being persons of considerable importance and gradually he assumed, even among those of undoubted social position, great airs, and spent more and more money.

He was an attractive youth, clean-looking and well dressed and now he had no difficulty in drawing women to him to dance or to talk with. A remarkable thing had happened. That first night Douglas Potts had been as devoid of personality as a fresh egg, but within a few short weeks he had become full of it, not sex-appeal, but personality. I just mention that fact in passing because I shall remind you of it again when I get around to repeating what a scientist, somewhat brightened by champagne, told me of

It Was on the Same Evening of the College Boys' Wild Celebration That Prince Nicholas of Rumania Arrived, and Somebody Who Recognized Him Shouted in a Shrill Voice: "Wow! Prince Nicholas! Sit down here, Prince Nick, and enjoy yourself. We have something left in the Bottle for You!"

personality, what it really is and what it seems.

Now, to go on with Potts, riding a high horse to his doom. I kept an eye on him with unusual interest because I had observed that sudden growth of personality and wondered if what my scientific friend had said was true. At all times he was nervous, sometimes he looked as if haunted by something and later it changed to a hunted look, all of which the testimony at the inquest made clear to me. Madge, it also appeared, was falling in love with him.

"What's the matter with your boy?" I asked her one night and she gave me a startled glance as she asked in return:

"What do you mean, wrong?"

"He has a queer look in his eye," I replied, "and they say he is telling everyone in confidence that he is Prince Lorraine. There isn't any such prince."

"No, I suppose not," Madge admitted sadly.

"I don't know what he is, but the poor boy is worried and unhappy. I wish he would tell me his trouble."

Madge grew more and more fond of her nervous youth. It was that motherly sort of love that comes from pity. She pitied him, I think, because she saw through his pretences. A young girl can mother anything from a stray cat to a rich old man.

Madge was entirely on the giving end of that friendship and knew she would never get anything in return. One must not think this feeling in the heart of a night club dancing partner so very strange. The thing those girls will do for the men they love is amazing. So also, I must admit, are the things they sometimes do to them.

Seeing him swagger in with people having real money and boasting of his connections to persons with real titles, I became vaguely uneasy, and decided to ease him out of the club at the first tactful opportunity. Finally one presented itself.

Potts paid a bill now and then by check, and on more than one occasion we had his checks returned dishonored. At Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates are allowed the most extraordinary scope for running up bills. Some of them manage to live on tradesmen's credit for the entire three years they are "up," and then papa is called on to settle the bills.

Potts did that. He and his little crowd drank vodka—the Russian beverage made of potato spirit—and absinthe. Those are drinks that cost a lot of money. They are very popular with sections of the college boys because they have much more kick than whiskey or wines. Champagne, I learned later, was also supplied in plenty to Potts' rooms. Yet at the "43" he never struck me as a drunkard. I should say he drank for effect. He was absolutely full of awank.

When one or two checks of his had been returned, the secretary told him that in future he must pay in cash for what he had, but in accordance with our custom we did not prosecute or even press him for payment of the back bills. But finally they caused him to keep away from us.

"I feel terribly sorry in lots of ways for that young fellow," Madge Miller said on more than one occasion. "I'm afraid he's riding for a fall."

Indeed he was, but the club saw him no more. Then came the tragic news, in all the papers. Pistol shots had startled the quiet of Cambridge University. The seemed to come from the rooms of Alexander Wollaston, senior tutor of King's College and honorary secretary of the Royal Geographical Society. The door of the rooms opened and Detective Sergeant Francis Willis staggered out, calling for help. As the dean of the college and two porters ran to



Club

f Mrs.

ten-Raided

Episodes

h and

to woman's name is better
ck, proprietor of several
mes served a prison term
open after hours.
rison seclusion, Miss May

the upper circles and the
s and there is enough ice
spital, Miss May met and
Club Queen's daughter
another daughter, Miss
Clifford.

red in the artificial glitter
om fashionable Roadster
in and out of England,
I has watched the ebb and
nation and scandal which
urts, financial ruin or a

the curtain of secrecy and
mous night-clubs owned

his said the detective collapsed, but said weakly:

"Go inside. There has been a shooting."
Within the rooms they found Wollaston dead,
with a bullet through his heart, and Potts uncon-
scious, a bullet in his head. Romancer, poseur
and bluffer, Potts had made good just one threat,
that he would never be taken alive.

At the hospital the police detective was able
to dictate a statement of what had happened and
died just as he reached for the pen to sign it.
With a warrant for the arrest of Potts, he had
found the youth in the tutor's chambers and ex-
plained his errand. Douglas Potts knew he had
come to the end of his string and discussed his
misdeeds with apparent calmness until the po-
liceman said he must go with him to the station.
Instantly Potts jumped to his feet. What hap-
pened then is revealed in the policeman's ante-
mortem statement.

"He whipped out a pistol and fired at me as I
pushed Mr. Wollaston out of the way. I tried to
protect him, but he fired at Mr. Wollaston and I
tried to get at the man. I fell over the chair
backwards and felt another bullet hit me in the
rear of the left thigh. Mr. Wollaston lay on the
ground against the fireplace.

"I knew that only four shots had been fired.
I thought he had another for me, so I kept still
a while. Gradually I turned around, got up and
went outside for help. Porters came to my as-
sistance."

At the inquest Madge told how Potts and his
college mate, Fitzgerald, had spent several nights
in the spare bedroom of her little flat, where she
cooked breakfast and dinners for the boys after
they were at the end of their resources. Both
had pistols and Potts brandished his several
times, explaining that he was in trouble and vow-
ing theatrically that he would never be taken
alive. With all his posing and pretending,
Madge thought this just another bluff, but one
night, while they were asleep, she crept into their
bedroom, seeking vainly to find and capture the
weapons.

The young suicide and murderer's father tes-
tified that his son had been a bright, studious
boy, who had never given him cause for concern.
The old gentleman could not understand what
had gotten into his son at Cambridge. Neither
Madge nor his college mates thought the youth in-
sane and yet such was the verdict of the coroner's
jury. I knew what had gotten into him. It has
gotten into many another boy at Cambridge and
Oxford.

Potts had been brought up strictly, with little
money to spend, which seemed to him right and
reasonable in his own home town. Arriving at
Cambridge, he was full of the natural boyish am-
bition to appear well and be thought as good as
nvyone. At once he was confronted by sons of
the very rich, who could afford any luxury and
extravagance and did not hesitate to indulge
themselves. Such things were entirely beyond his
father's means and Douglas knew better than
ask for them. Then, to his astonishment, he
found that after all they were within his grasp.
The tradesmen of Cambridge, finding that Dou-
glas' father had saved a fair little sum for old age,
let the boy know that they would trust him for
most anything, as long as they could charge a
high price.

This is an ancient and not very honorable
custom. At the end of the boys' course, the
tradesmen present their staggering bills to the
parents, who settle them, even if it means ruin.
Potts started living a fictitious existence on credit
he had no right to have. He swaggered around
like a young millionaire, buying things on credit

"Then began a struggle
for the girl as to which
university she would be-
long to. It was something
like a football scrum in
which half a dozen Oxford
boys opposed half a dozen
Cambridge students. The
unfortunate dancing part-
ner was in the middle of
them, unable to get out.

"There was a rip, a rending of silk and a wail of dismay as the poor
girl's frock was torn, accidentally of course, for I have never seen those
college boys intentionally rough to women. Mother and I headed a rescue
party and held what was left of the dress against her body as the victim fled
upstairs to the cloak room.

"There she wept, but not for long. A moment later a silk
hat was being passed around, and its contents when dumped
into my lap soon dried the girl's tears. It was enough
to buy her three frocks. This indemnity being paid,
someone kicked the hat out of the owner's hands
and the 'roughhouse' was resumed."

that he did not
need and sell-
ing them for a
song to pro-
vide himself
with ready
cash. On noth-
ing he found
he could live
like a prince.
It was only
one step to
pretend that
he was a prince
and one more
step to say it
so often that
he began to
believe he was
one. If that is
a form of in-
sanity then
Potts was in-
sane.

Now, I will
repeat what
that scientist
said about per-
sonality. He
said person-
ality comes from
an abnormal
mind. A nor-
mal, ordinary
person does
not radiate
that mysterious magnetism we call personality,
but a genius does, and so do lunatics and even
imbeciles. A score of men will stop and stare
fascinated at the village idiot to one who would
give no more than a passing glance at the learned
professor sitting on his porch. A half-mad soap-
box orator draws a bigger crowd out in the hot
sun than a minister in his comfortable church.

At county fairs, wild-eyed freaks are able to
sell us preposterous "cures" which no salesman
of normal mind could foist on any but a child.
On the stage it is the same thing. The person-
alities that "get over the footlights" also get into
the papers for their crazy doings in private life.
Hollywood is famous for the erratic behavior of
its stars. If they were not erratic they would
never have been stars.

The scientist said that this is because the ab-
normal mind rivets our attention, as does any-
thing uncertain and liable to explode in an un-
expected way. If a man walked down the street
carrying a Bible or an encyclopedia, packed with
valuable information, and at the same time an
anarchist came along juggling a bomb, there is
no doubt which one would fascinate us. The
man or woman with personality has a bomb in
his mind. Poor Potts did not have one that first
day when he sauntered diffidently into our club,
but later he did. We felt it instinctively and, as
the novelists say, "he interested us strangely."

The trouble with scientists is that they are
such cautious, timid creatures, always afraid of
saying something that a fellow scientist might
criticize. But under the warming influence of
wine, they lose their fears and become the most
interesting people in the world. I told this one
he had personality and asked if that meant he
had genius.

"No," he answered modestly. "That means I
am crazy, crazy about you."

As long as he was such a nice scientist I won't



The
Remarkable
and Mysterious
Bogus "Lady Dorothy
Scott" Who
Flashed Across London Night Club Life and Disappeared from View.

give his name and betray him to his fellows. If
I ever meet Prof. Einstein I will certainly buy
him a magnum of champagne and I'll bet he will
get careless and explain those theories of his so
they make sense to ordinary people.

In my first chapter I mentioned how exclusive
our "43 Club" was and that it was almost im-
possible to get in unless vouched for by someone in
the highest society circles. College boys are al-
most the only exceptions and there is a reason.
As a rule they come only once or twice a year,
like Attila's hordes, and vanish again like the
morning mists. Everybody knows when they are
due and regular patrons avoided the club on
those nights unless they wished to witness the
riot and were willing to risk the consequences.

These occasions when the "43 Club" was the
rendezvous of Oxford and Cambridge under-
graduates are boat race night, when the two uni-
versities row against each other on the Thames
at the end of March or the beginning of April, or
the Rugby football match, after which the col-
lege youth show their loyalty to their alma
maters by painting the West End of London red.

The usual procedure in "making whoopee"
is for them to go to a theatre first, each college
selecting a different theatre. The theatres they
thus honor regard it as a doubtful compliment,
for the performances are a farce. Cat-calls,
chorus singing that has often nothing to do with
the musical comedy on the stage, paper stream-
ers shot out from boxes, buns, cigarette boxes,
and anything that is not too deadly are hurled
over the audience from first-tier boxes.

Having generally succeeded in achieving the
main ambition of an undergraduate—to be
thrown out of some place by a commissionaire—
43 Gerrard Street is the Mecca for their real
"night out."

Mother and I always prepared for it. The
great lament of the college boys used to be that

they could not find enough girl partners at the
club. Many a boat race night I have seen the
undergraduates having to dance with each other,
because there were not sufficient girls to go
round. So we arranged for every girl on our staff
of professional dancing partners to bring down
two or three of her girl friends for those nights
and in this way we did manage to satisfy the
wants of the lads.

You have to picture our dance room with
about twenty times as many people as it was
planned to hold. Real dancing, of course, was
made impossible. At about half-past ten we
would get the advance guard of the Oxford and
Cambridge boys. They were those who had
either been unable to force their way into a the-
atre, or having done so, had been thrown out pre-
maturely.

But it was not until half-past eleven when the
theatres finish that the "Big Push" began. In
half dozens, then in dozens, finally in swarms,
pouring out of taxis at the door of 43 Gerrard
Street wearing favors either of the light blue of
Cambridge or the dark blue of Oxford, they
stormed the door. To sign them in or to take
guest fees was, of course, impossible.

Then downstairs they would go and it would
be a battle royal for dancing partners. I remem-
ber seeing one of our professionals grabbed by a
youth who wore a huge, light blue ribbon round
his neck. He took it off and tied it round the
girl as if to mark her as belonging for the eve-
ning to Cambridge.

Another youth with a dark blue paper hat—
goodness knows how he had managed to keep it
on—tore the ribbon off the girl and crowned her
with his Oxford emblem. Then began a struggle
for the girl as to which university she would be-
long to. It was something like a football scrum
in which half a dozen of Oxford opposed half a
dozen of Cambridge. The unfortunate dancing
partner was in the middle of them unable to get
out.

There was a rip, a rending of silk and a wail
of dismay as the poor girl's frock was torn, ac-
cidentally, of course, for I have never seen those
college boys intentionally rough to women. Mother
and I headed a rescue party and held what was
left of the dress against her body as the victim fled
upstairs to the cloak room. There she wept, but
not for long. A moment later a silk hat was being
passed around and its contents when dumped into
my lap soon dried the girl's tears. It was enough
to buy her three frocks. This indemnity being paid,
someone kicked the hat out of the owner's hands
and the "roughhouse" was resumed.

To dance on that packed floor was about as





BRAN TO BALANCE THIS TABLOID LIFE! *but which kind of bran do you need?*

You find a lot more things to do than you did in yesterday's world. But only the same number of hours to do them in.

So the pace is fast; everything is abbreviated. The very food you eat is concentrated. And when natural bulk is lost from your diet, constipation—often mild, often unnoticed—is almost sure to occur.

It's 9 to 1 you need Bran

Perhaps for a while you can win against nature, for a strong vitality can stand a good deal. Perhaps you have not felt the drag of poisons which accumulated food wastes spread through the system; your head may be just as keen and your enthusiasm just as high as they have always been. But why try to live this tabloid life on a tabloid diet—when

it is so easy to enjoy the benefits of bran?

Nature's food—in delicious form

Nearly everybody is handicapped by lack of bulk food—but obviously not everyone in the same degree. That's why there are two Post's cereals prepared for this particular purpose.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES is a regulator. Bran with other parts of wheat. It supplies the bulk food which most of us need, even those who aren't aware of the fact. Post's Bran Flakes belongs on just about every breakfast table. It is on millions of them. For these dainty toasted amber flakes, so flavorful and alluring, are eaten by more families than any other bran food in the world. Try them and you'll know why; all ready to eat—just add milk or cream.



two delicious laxative foods

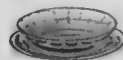
WHOLE BRAN is for stubborn or chronic constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. It is full strength bran. Just as effective as any full strength bran cereal but a triumph of taste. You will want to eat these crisp, crunchy little shreds "straight" from the package with milk or cream. Or sprinkled over fruit or berries. Two tablespoons make an effective serving. An irresistible way to serve Whole Bran is in muffins—puffy, golden morsels that melt in the mouth. Use the new recipe on the package.

You can get Post's bran cereals from your grocer; and remember, when in hotels, restaurants, and on trains, that you can always order these delicious foods in individual packages.

You know which of these two appetizing foods is the one for you. Both are products of General Foods Corporation.

Constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to one of these cereals. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

SEND BOX TOPS FOR GLASS CEREAL SET



This charming green glass set consists of bowl and saucer for cereal and many other uses. They were first offered by us through grocers in certain parts of the country, but so many women expressed a desire

to build up complete collections of these dainty dishes that we decided to make the offer general.

Just save the tops of the boxes containing *Whole Bran* and *Post's Bran Flakes* (either or both) and send them with a few cents as stated in the coupon below. You will soon have enough of these cereal sets for the whole family. And they make delightful gifts. The coupon is for your convenience but it is not necessary to use it in ordering the dishes.

FILL IN COMPLETELY—PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Check one of the two below
Send me
☐ 1 Cereal Set for which I enclose 1 Box Top and 20 cents
☐ 3 Cereal Sets for which I enclose 3 Box Tops and 50 cents.
Name _____
Street and Number _____
City _____ State _____
Mail to POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan

If you have not tried *Whole Bran* and *Post's Bran Flakes*, we will be glad to send you free samples, also copies of informative booklets. Please check in spaces below

Send me—
☐ Five sample of *Whole Bran* and *Post's Bran Flakes*
☐ Booklet entitled "Overcoming Constipation"
☐ Booklet entitled "Bran for Beauty"
Mail to POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan

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New

PERFUMED

ZIP DEPILOYATORY CREAM

Beautician's Best

GIANT TUBE AT HALF THE PRICE 50¢

Get Rid of Hair

Immediately and completely removes every trace. Just spread on and rinse off. White, fragrant, smooth. Safe and mild, but extremely rapid and efficacious. No later trouble, no stimulated hair growth.

And with Zip Epilator hair can be **Permanently Destroyed**

Ask your dealer or mail coupon

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Please send me
☐ A Package of ZIP Cream (\$1.00)
☐ A Tube of ZIP Depilatory Cream (50¢)

Name _____
 Address _____
 City & State _____

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other sectarian magazines combined?



Talented... attractive... yet 'B.O.' made people avoid him until—

THEY applauded his singing, but turned down his dates. Liked his looks, but shunned his society. Said, "I hate to snub him," but kept on doing it! Girls can't overlook "B.O."—body odor—no matter how attractive the man is otherwise.

Fortunately this young man woke up to the real facts at last. Once he realized his trouble, a simple change in toilet soaps quickly ended it—ended unpopularity, too! Now he's a favorite with everyone, in tune to every affair. No more "B.O." to mar his attractiveness.

The unseen enemy

If "B.O." were only something we could see and feel, we'd act—quickly! But we get no warning—never know when we're offending because we quickly get used to an ever-present odor.

Yet pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. *Toile* no chance! Make Lifebuoy your toilet soap—enjoy lush-to-the-touch freshness and freedom from "B.O."—worry. Lifebuoy's rich, creamy, gently antiseptic lather penetrates pores—removes every trace of odor. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent—just washes you, you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purified.

New complexion for old

Complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's gentle, yet thorough, cleansing. Pores are freed of clogged impurities—dull skins bloom with fresh, healthy radiance. Thousands of women, envied for their lovely complexions, give all the credit to Lifebuoy—and Lifebuoy alone! Adopt it to-day.

A product of LAYNE BROTHERS CO., Orem, Utah, Moos.

Good news for MEN!

Earlier shows, no more tender spots!

LIFEBUOY

MAKING GROOMS AT YOUR DISPOSAL

Gavia Love by Inez Castello

(Continued from Page 14)

mind still on those snapshots, "you must have been attracted to many, more than one woman in your life."

"Not as I have been attracted to you, querida. But, of course, a man naturally has not reached his age without his little affairs, his romances along the dark corridors of desire. But—why do you ask the question?"

"I was wondering."

Adora suddenly decided to be quite frank. She pointed to the Spanish novel on the floor between them.

"I borrowed that book from your room, Carlos," she said, "and—some photographs fell out. There was one of a pretty girl."

"Ah, yes," he ventured negligently. "Little Conchita. You remember the boy's aunt you were?" Will you perhaps ever forget it? However, it was left here by Conchita's brother. She and he used to come here occasionally from the mainland. Old friends of mine. A jolly young pair, in a way. Not of any great interest to me."

"I had forgotten that I had the snapshots," he added, frowning and fingering them as they lay between the pages of the book, which he had now taken up and placed on his knees. "Incidentally," he added, "that novel is one you would not really like. I have a far better one in my room, which I will bring out to you."

"Not now, Carlos, please..." Adora urged him not to rise. "I only look that one because I was feeling lonely. Now you are here, I do not want to read."

"So—I do not bore you?"

"Carlos..." That is a foolish question."

"It is difficult to read a woman's true mind. I am always trying to read yours. Sometimes I think I read it right. Sometimes it eludes me. At least, you are lonely without me, and not bored with me. I am glad that it makes me feel that I may be hope."

"Perhaps I must not say that," he interrupted himself, with an inching of his head, "but I promised that I would not try to persuade you, and I must keep the promise. But your beauty so leads me on, makes me forget. You forgive me?"

"What have I to forgive?" Adora murmured, rosy and



Carlos Took Adora's Hands and Kissed Them.

trembling in the gathering dusk. "I know quite well what you wish. I cannot expect you always to be silent about it."

"You are beginning to think of me in that way?" he questioned eagerly.

"Have I not promised to try?"

"Querida mia..." His voice came to her from the shadows, throbbing with emotion. "You asked me about other women. Not one has ever moved me as you have done. I do not deny that I might have been married

many times; but—there was always something lacking, something which failed to touch my heart to those depths which must be touched if the heart is to love sincerely."

"And—what could you have seen in me, Carlos, so to affect you?" asked Adora under her

And this, this letter has just come up from Saranoo by runner. It is from the little Conchita, my jolly little friend on the mainland. She and her brother have arrived, it seems, at Saranoo. They have invited themselves here for a few weeks' stay. That is just like Conchita, if not also like her brother, Luis. They will be following the letter, and should be here in about an hour."

MERCORIZED MAX

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that MercORIZED MAX will reveal. MercORIZED MAX can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blended surface skin that hides your true beauty. It cleans away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. MercORIZED MAX brings out the youthful, smooth, rosy under skin with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other signs of age. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint with hot water.

Use daily as an after-shave

• This scalp massage once a week



Only faithful care can give you the kind of hair you long for

Nobody's hair ever seems to be just right. It's too oily, or too dry and fluffy. But constant care, fortunately, will give you a normal healthy scalp and so help to correct your particular trouble.

Once a week give the scalp a good massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. There's nothing better to cleanse the tiny hair follicles and keep them functioning properly. Apply it liberally to the scalp and massage thoroughly with a rotary motion. If you have an oily condition, apply the Tonic as described above, then wrap steaming towels around your head for a few minutes. After this treatment shampoo the hair and dry in the sun if possible.

Do this without fail every week and you'll see improvement. Your hair will be unbelievably soft and shiny after the very first Tonic treatment. You can get "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at the nearest drug store. It is made by the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

"Ah-h! There's a dish that goes big with me!"

What a delightful dish for lunch, for supper—this Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti! So nourishing that it can well serve as the main course; so delicious that everyone likes it; so inexpensive that you save money every time you use it; so convenient that all there is to its serving is merely to heat it. It's ready in a jiffy.

Flavor! That's what sets Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti apart from others. Flavor that begins in the Heinz-made dry Spaghetti; flavor that continues in the cooking by skilled chefs; flavor that's contained in the delightfully piquant tomato sauce—in the zestful special cheese. No other spaghetti has its appetizing goodness!

We give you here two menus; one for luncheon, one for supper. Try them; they're both good and inexpensive. And, of course, there are many other ways of using this delicious dish.

H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA., TORONTO, CANADA

LUNCHEON MENU

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti • Fresh Cucumber Pickle Slices
Waldorf Salad • Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Fresh Fruit • Tea

SUPPER MENU

Poached Eggs in Heinz Cooked Spaghetti Nests
Creamed Spinach • Lettuce Salad with Russian Dressing
Individual Strawberry or Peach Shortcake • Coffee

Enjoy these radio talks • Tuesdays and Fridays at 10:45 A. M.
Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept.,
H. J. Heinz Co., broadcasts new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA
and 23 other National Broadcasting Company stations. National Broad-
casting Company Pacific Coast Chain, Mondays and Fridays at 10:15 A. M.

ONE OF THE **57**



HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

Try these other Heinz Pure Foods—HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP • HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS • HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

My Desire by Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 20)

...and now those
UGLY HAIRS
can never
grow again!

A written guarantee assures the permanent removal of unwanted hair. THOUSANDS of women both here and abroad now know the joy of an alluringly smooth and beautiful skin, forever free from the growth of ugly, unattractive hair. The KORELMU Cream Method—based on the discovery of a noted French scientist—removes the hair for all time.

The KORELMU Cream Method is a delicately fragrant, quick-drying cream. You easily and quickly apply it to the skin, like cold cream, and leave it on all night. The KORELMU Cream Method may be used with positive effectiveness on the face, legs, arms or underarms.

The KORELMU Cream Method is not to be confused with temporary correctives that merely burn off the hair. Nor is it to be confused with any other method. The KORELMU Method is a permanent cure. It removes the hairs by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, so that they are easily lifted out. A number of applications daily destroy the growth of hair.

The KORELMU Cream Method, used regularly for a specific period as directed, is guaranteed by a signed, return check guaranteeing to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—the complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair.

Remember that you can now be forever free of the hair that has been your enemy's day for ever. You can now be free of the hair that has been your enemy's day for ever. You can now be free of the hair that has been your enemy's day for ever.

KORELMU Cream is for sale at leading department stores that carry for beauty products. It is sold in 1 oz. jars, 3 oz. jars, 6 oz. jars, 12 oz. jars, 24 oz. jars, 48 oz. jars, 96 oz. jars, 192 oz. jars, 384 oz. jars, 768 oz. jars, 1536 oz. jars, 3072 oz. jars, 6144 oz. jars, 12288 oz. jars, 24576 oz. jars, 49152 oz. jars, 98304 oz. jars, 196608 oz. jars, 393216 oz. jars, 786432 oz. jars, 1572864 oz. jars, 3145728 oz. jars, 6291456 oz. jars, 12582912 oz. jars, 25165824 oz. jars, 50331648 oz. jars, 100663296 oz. jars, 201326592 oz. jars, 402653184 oz. jars, 805306368 oz. jars, 1610612736 oz. jars, 3221225472 oz. jars, 6442450944 oz. jars, 12884901888 oz. jars, 25769803776 oz. jars, 51539607552 oz. jars, 103079215104 oz. jars, 206158430208 oz. jars, 412316860416 oz. jars, 824633720832 oz. jars, 1649267441664 oz. jars, 3298534883328 oz. jars, 6597069766656 oz. jars, 13194139533312 oz. jars, 26388279066624 oz. jars, 52776558133248 oz. jars, 105553116266496 oz. jars, 211106232532992 oz. jars, 422212465065984 oz. jars, 844424930131968 oz. jars, 1688849860263936 oz. jars, 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It's the rage of Fifth Avenue—this newest, simplest, most perfect of crochets. For yokes, handkerchiefs, the scarfs and decorative on spurs and daytime dresses, French Net is the last word in fashion. It's just right for bereas, for drape scarfs and ribbons, for lingerie trimmings. Whether or not you crochet now, you will find French Net amazingly easy to do. Simply use No. 30 or No. 30 J & P. Cast or Clark's O. N. T. Selfless Merivonal Crochet Thread.

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The Two Great Names in Thread

When in Doubt Serve Vegetables

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Radish Salad.
SHAPE creamed and seasoned. Neufchatel or cream cheese into small egg shaped balls. Cut long crisp radishes into straws. Sprinkle with well seasoned French dressing. Arrange the cheese balls in nests of the radish straw on heart lettuce leaves or chicory. Scatter radish straws over the eggs.

THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS...

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Send a note in stamp to cover postage. Address Z-B-T Products Co., Dept. A, Newark, N. J.

Z-B-T BABY TALCUM

ON THE MOTHER'S BODY... FINE FOR EVERYONE

Stewed Corn.
SCRAPE pulp from 3 or 4 ears of tender corn. Heat it with 3 tablespoons butter. Add 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains paprika and barely enough water to cover the corn. Cover closely and simmer gently 25 minutes.

Scalloped Vegetables With Cheese.
ARRANGE 2 cups cold left-over vegetables and 1 cup well seasoned white sauce in alternate layers in buttered bak-

ing dish, sprinkling each layer with buttered crumbs. Cover with crumbs and sprinkle with ½ cup grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven until cheese is melted and delicately colored.

Luncheon Mushrooms.
SOAK ½ cup soft bread crumbs in 1 cup milk until soft. Cook 1 cup finely chopped mushrooms with a few grains paprika in 1 tablespoon butter until soft, but not browned. Combine with bread crumbs. Add 2 slightly beaten eggs and ½ teaspoon salt. Turn into buttered timbale molds, set

in pan of hot water and bake until firm in center.

Watercress Potatoes.
BEAT 2 cups hot rice potatoes with 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ teaspoons salt, a few grains paprika and ½ cup cream. When light and fluffy add 1 tablespoon finely chopped watercress.

Asparagus With Eggs Bechamel.
COOK fresh asparagus in salted water. When tender drain well. Reserve liquor for cream

of asparagus soup, if desired. Arrange the asparagus on serving platter and place freshly poached eggs (cooked in salted acidulated water) around the asparagus. Pour over well seasoned Bechamel or Hollandaise Sauce. Serve immediately.



Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Baked Rhubarb, Cereals, Omelet, Whole Wheat Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Baked Sal. Mackerel, Creamed Potatoes, Rice, Lentils, Luncheon Cucumber Tosses in Rice Boiler, Tomato Jelly and Celery Salad, Russian Tea. Dinner Pot Roast of Lamb, Mashed Potatoes, Creamed Asparagus, Mint Jelly, Onion Pot, Cabbage, Peach Torte.	Breakfast Fruit, Scrambled Eggs, Raisins, Relaxed Rolls, Coffee, Luncheon Tea, Lentils, Cucumber Tosses in Rice Boiler, Whole Wheat Biscuits, Jellied Fruit, Wafers, Dinner Canned Fish Cakes, Tea (Hot or cold). Veal Loaf with Noodle Ragout, Buttered Potatoes, Dandelion Salad, Dutch Apple Cake, Lemon Sauce.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Patched Eggs on Buttered Toast, Coffee, Luncheon Sociables, Jellied Tomato Salad, Parker House Rolls, Stuffed Canned Fish Cakes, Tea (Hot or cold). Veal Loaf with Noodle Ragout, Buttered Potatoes, Dandelion Salad, Dutch Apple Cake, Lemon Sauce.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Omelet or Creamed Cauliflower, Coffee, Luncheon Sociables, Jellied Tomato Salad, Parker House Rolls, Stuffed Canned Fish Cakes, Tea (Hot or cold). Veal Loaf with Noodle Ragout, Buttered Potatoes, Dandelion Salad, Dutch Apple Cake, Lemon Sauce.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Raw Potato Panakes, Coffee, Luncheon Egg Plant Casseroles, Cucumber Salad, Dinner Vegetable Grill, Cucumber and Tomato Salad, Caramel Beverage, Coffee. Supper Cheese and Radish Salad, Dessert Fruit Punch.	Breakfast Stewed Apples, Scrambled Eggs with Fruited Bread, Graham Muffins, Coffee. Dinner Vegetable Grill, Cucumber and Tomato Salad, Caramel Beverage, Coffee. Supper Cheese and Radish Salad, Dessert Fruit Punch.

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READY TO GO—and a spot! Nothing to worry about with RENERGINE handy. ENERGINE removes dirt and grease spots like magic from dresses, hats, suits, coats, neckties, gloves, shoes, etc. For a quarter of a century ENERGINE has been winning new friends, because it dries instantly, leaves no odor and no regrets. The wardrobe managers of the world's great movie studios—Paramount, Warner Bros., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, United Artists—use ENERGINE exclusively for keeping costly garments spotless. ENERGINE is economical, too. A little does a lot of cleaning. Large 10-oz. can only 35c. At your druggist. World's Largest Selling Dry Cleaning Fluid.



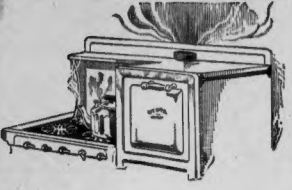
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☐ Yes, please send me a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—Sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer. The trial will delight you and your family. Then for 30¢ at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Root Beer. It makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1 1/2¢ per bottle. Compare that with what you usually pay. Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the healthful juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients. Absolutely pure—free from artificial color and flavor. Nine out of ten doctors, when questioned, agreed that Hires Root Beer ranks first as a family beverage because of its purity, fine flavor and economy. Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30¢ bottle from your dealer today. 35¢ in Canada.

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A GOOD MODEL FOR SCHOOL OR PLAYTIME (7193). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size (with bloomers) will require 3 1/2 yards of 32-inch material, if made with wrist length sleeves. With short sleeves 3 1/2 yards will be required. Contrasting material requires 1/2 yard 32 inches wide.

A FASHION DRESS FOR MATURE FIGURES (6948). Designed in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Contrasting material requires 1/2 yard 36 inches wide.

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8 and 10 years. A 6-year size, without sleeves, requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. With bishop sleeves 2 1/2 yards will be required. With puff sleeves 2 1/2 yards will be required. Bow and ends require 12-3 yards of ribbon.

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